

Maclean's

BILINGUALISM: THE GROWING STORM OF DISSENT



Maclean's

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There's skiing.
And then there's the Bugaboos.

There's whisky. And then there's V.O.

Only V.O. is V.O.

WORLD FAMOUS SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY



Interview with G. Jackson Grayson aka: Wage and price control—don't work, in the United States. J. R. Galbraith argued, because the people in charge did not believe in them. Grayson who was chairman of the price commission in 1973 was one of the people Galbraith was talking about. He said he had handled Walter Secor's wife.

Page 4.



The new Member Two: Peter Trudeau was happy in Eastern Africa, but Pierre Trudeau needed him at home to run the government and perhaps save Trudeau's over-darkening political future. Reluctantly, MacLennan agreed to come to the aid of the party, but not without an asking price.

Page 26.



The girl of the hour: Rhoda is popular and looking around. Mary Hartman's in Mary 4 in the closet and Mary Hartman's husband is not very competent and eventually dismissed. Is this the year television finally comes of age sexually? Not really—says critic Maria Kesteven.

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A red octagonal sign to save traffic: MacLennan at any intersection in Quebec Canada is in danger of being taken a part the great dream of a bilingual and bicultural nation having given way to a nightmare of incoherence and hatred. MacLennan writes in and correspondence in reaction to the book looks across the country.

Page 16.



Out of the prophet: In fact, the movie people arrived. Anisette Saskatchewan had but one claim to fame—the 36-bed hospital that served the whole area. Now they have another. Anisette is the place where Allan King Gordon Pinsent et al. came to make W. G. Mitchell's Who Has Seen The Wind.

Page 42.



The World is Ours to 'Turner': And the World may soon be made flesh. Maybe nobody wants to talk about it, writes Allen Forthright. But everybody's thinking about it anyway. As Pierre Trudeau fades, as his memories depart, as the Liberal fortunes wane—the blue-eyed spectre of John Turner, the hair-appears in self-righteous and more in the future and words of Parliament 25th.

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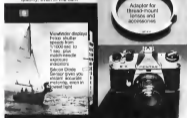
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Interview

With C. Jackson Grayson Jr.

From November, 1967 to January, 1973, C. Jackson Grayson Jr. was chairman of the Price Commission under the U.S. wage and price controls program. In 1972, the only full year during which mandatory controls were in effect, the consumer price index rose by only 3.2%—the first time in 20 years that the rate had been held below 5%—and sometimes more than 10%—but Grayson believes nevertheless that the controls were a mistake, and has experience in Washington sent him back to his home in Dallas to write a book, *Confessions Of A Price Controller*, and to found the American Productivity Centre, by promoting productivity the centre hopes to provide an alternative to controls to combat inflation and preserve the free enterprise system. Grayson is currently on leave of absence from his post as dean of the school of business administration at Southern Methodist University, heading a drive to raise the minimum \$22 million required to fund the centre. Shortly before Thanksgiving, with the anniversary of wage and price controls in Canada, Grayson was interviewed at the centre's office in Dallas by Walter Stewart Maclean's Washington correspondent.



Maclean's: Would the Edward Bates be power off of there had been no program of wage and price controls?

Grayson: Yes.

Maclean's: In 1973?

Grayson: Because of the net effect of controls, the well-known distinction of inflation, the inefficiencies they cause, the tendency to not work on the causes of inflation—that is, you tend to expand your monetary and fiscal policies a little bit more because you believe the controls are going to save you. This is exactly the reason controls begin to cause and the tendency to keep going—that is, you begin to look at export controls and exchange controls as you get further and further into it. All of these things are distractions and I think they outweigh the advantages.

Maclean's: What are the advantages?

Grayson: The advantage is temporary relief from inflation. And there are three ways that I think controls can impact on inflation. One is they can reduce inflationary expectations for a while. That is, probably one of the greatest advantages. It helps at expectations that inflation is going to continue to expand and spiral. When you do that, you are doing a service in that you're slowing one of the wage-price spiral. Secondly, it allows the government to make price decisions and thereby gives you out of

an immediate burst. And third, it creates an whatever market power is lost and businesses have in the marketplace. I say "whatever" because that's a highly disputed allegation—the power of unions and monopoly to administer prices and wages. There is some element of truth in both

but so complex in what you are asked to do—slow down the rate of inflation?

Grayson: Yes. My belief is that we probably pulled down inflation rates what it might otherwise have been by 1% to 1.5%. But that sometimes only pushes the pressure further out so you had a bulge for yourself. That's one of the reasons you tend to keep on controls.

Maclean's: But as long as people have it in their minds that this is a temporary program, the bulge is implicit. If you were saying to them, "This is the way it's going to be, folks," that program would disappear.

Grayson: That's true.

Maclean's: But your argument is that the direction is not good?

Grayson: Too easily for a capitalist system. And it eventually leads to a higher degree of interventionism of the planned socialist-type system. I was increasingly led toward panic and greater controls. We had on our drawing boards a plan to go very deep into the economy, a price control strategy that started to control the product lines. Now this was never implemented, but we were getting the machinery in place to do it, because you simply cannot keep the controls on lightly in view of the high complexity of the economy and the interdependencies. When you press down on one area, you have to do it in a somewhat clear that people naturally flow to and in turn you have to expand the controls.

Maclean's: J. K. Galbraith, one of our former economists, and in *Economics And The Public Purpose*, "The President's economist, finding that the policy of control had moderated inflation, pronounced most of the controls. The notion that if a policy is working it should be abandoned reflects a most approach to public affairs."

Grayson: Mr. Galbraith and I have talked about that, and I disagree with him strongly. He made the remark that the reason the controls were not more effective was that the people who were in charge didn't believe in them.

Maclean's: But that is your case, is it, for you can run.

Grayson: It's true. I did not believe in them. I didn't believe in them when I went in and agreed to take the job because I believed that if someone were to control them it might be to someone who believed in doing the least damage to the economy, and getting out as fast as possible.

Maclean's: In reverse, Galbraith was right.

Grayson: Well, the policy was working at a time when controls have the greatest amount of impact, when you're coming off the bottom of a recession when



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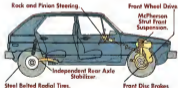
Grayson: Well, the policy was working at a time when controls have the greatest amount of impact, when you're coming off the bottom of a recession when



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how I have lost a lot of slack in the economy. The controls would have been there, but they were beginning to work with demand inflation coming. It was time to quit. Once the economy starts to reach higher and higher levels of inflation, you begin to switch to demand inflation, which is harder to control. So the best time to quit is when you're winning.

Maclean: But you can control demand inflation for a while longer, if you want to. Is that right?

Guyon: And that's the way it should be tackled instead of with controls.

Maclean: There is a very clear regression in time that when controls come in they were not a matter of choice but the outcome of circumstances. Were there any other more politically acceptable alternatives?

Guyon: No, no, I don't feel so, and he had the support of most businessmen, some, what to say, I suppose. I know that a lot of businessmen felt that things were getting out of control, particularly with labor, and therefore the price that they were willing to pay was controls.

Maclean: But wasn't that a reflection on the failure of a failure of the free market system or, I think, a sign of a sign of a sign, that it was not a failure of the free market system, but a failure of the free market system, and I don't know if you're willing to say so?

Guyon: Well, there are too many businessmen and labor people who are not holding on their beliefs in the free enterprise system, and that could lead eventually to its collapse. Economists Joseph A. Schumpeter pointed that out a long time ago. He said that businessmen themselves were trying to torpedo the system they had created.

Maclean: There is, in fact, a lot of evidence that both business and labor are doing these things to avoid anything that looks like competition.

Guyon: It's called self-interest.

Maclean: How do you go from such a position to request that controls be imposed on the industry of free enterprise, business and labor should stop doing this?

Guyon: Oh, I can argue that they should stop. But I don't have much belief in the efficacy of any appeal. Appeals for voluntary restraint on wage and price increases are probably not going to work.

Maclean: Is it possible to control one side and not the other, to control prices and not wages?

Guyon: No, I do not believe that.

Maclean: As France has, in fact, controlled prices and not wages.

Guyon: That's right. France is about the only nation that has tried that, and France has a kind of a long-term planning system, but there are a lot of other ways and means to control on the other part of the system.

Maclean: Where you asked the Internal Revenue Service to check the compliance rate of 50%? But I believe a fairly general acceptance of what you are doing?

Guyon: Yes, but there were two things

working. There wasn't the pressure of demand inflation for people to find ways to evade and avoid. As time went on, I believe this percentage would have dropped. And second, we didn't have the confidence of people who began to get more confidence in the system, whether it's true or not. A price rise is like a speeder on the highway. You say, "Well, if he's going up, I will." So in the beginning you don't get many observations. And if of course it's a mistake, well, if it's a law-abiding people in the English tradition, if you do it, it's a law-abiding people.



IT'S BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN CONTROLS THAT I AGREE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THEM

people say. "Well, I don't like it, but it's law."

Maclean: You were in power long. It is a good program, you were a supporter of freedom in order to achieve stabilization. "Don't abolish market freedom." Don't a controls program simply a way to let the market speak?

Guyon: I believe that a lot of people associated with it. I think controls mean more and more, and don't see the inflation problem. Temporarily it is a compromise, but it's not the final end, but those who are not with the price.

Maclean: Again, you say, "We could have done it without controls, but the confidence of the public." But in the public's mind, the public would be very happy with the controls. Indeed, they would more confident. What market you think the public might be looking at, "looking at the market of the economy?"

Guyon: This is true, but it's not the

public's problem to show increasing disinclination with controls. It is true that at the time they were under people still wanted the controls, but my belief is that the longer you put it with them the more confidence will come to turn the other way.

Maclean: Is it possible that in fact the controls on wages were more effective than the controls on prices?

Guyon: That's what George Meany argued at the head of the AFL-CIO. I said I didn't agree. Because real wages rose, if wages rose, going up, then that's not the real wages will fall once you apply the deflator index. The evidence therefore is that wages were rising faster than prices, but people don't believe that. The average person doesn't consider price, inflation, because he considers an increase in the price of lettuce and does not consider any decrease. He sees what he thinks are prices going up while his wage stands as it is, and for there is a general feeling that the system is not working, but not prices.

Maclean: Is it also possible that the wage freeze was immediate and visible, that the price freeze didn't begin to take hold until after some time, and that was that really began to bite there was a business reaction?

Guyon: That's one of the factors.

Maclean: So that labor union, which that businessmen we all want to the side of unions, were willing to accept price controls, and businessmen were willing to accept wage controls, but neither wanted to look home?

Guyon: That's true. Plus food is one of the most sensitive items in the public's perception and also happens to be one of the hardest things to control. **Maclean:** That leads us back to it. A Galbraith, who says that there are two economies, and this is not a free market economy, open to competition, and that all the major manufacturers are in the planned economy. He argues that you should control the planned economy, and let the market economy go.

Guyon: Well, we looked at that. The planned economy in the Galbraith model is the majority of conventional industries, and when it made a survey of the price increases the total free price increases came from that sector. The highest prices came from the competitive markets, primarily food.

Maclean: But that could be an argument for Galbraith, not against him. Because it could argue that it is possible to use an oligopoly to administer prices and still maintain a profit target.

Guyon: Yes, that's right, it could.

Maclean: We all accept and welcome more controls, we all accept more, as people's energy, costs. And we know there are business controls, such as costs and price-fixing. But I would like to control the costs, and let the government, whether the cost could be applied by the government or by corporations?

Guyon: I believe that is a whole ideological issue. I believe there is planning and



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worked in the system. But by the market. The market is imperfect. There are cases where there is gross fraud and collusion, and these are well publicized. I strongly support antitrust reform and based on that I tell before that that is the best regulation system, rather than using the government regulation system that some people believe would be fair. I don't think that is a better way. I think it is a regulated system, regulated by the desires of people to compete and provide the best solution of resources. It is imperfect, but I think that the government antitrust effort is the best instrument to try and overcome these excesses.

Maclean: But isn't that kind of low acceptance? It tends to make a crumb out of an economic malady, which may be unacceptable in Russia but not here. If you lived up half a dozen years and then there, it would undoubtedly have a chilling effect on the marketplace, but is that really appropriate?

Gryboski: You can have an effective law. There have been quite a few publicized cases here. I've seen hundreds of directors and observe the many ways we are careful to avoid antitrust complications. I can't argue that that is the perfect system, but the alternative is worse.

Maclean: When the demand for cement down, the price of cement went up. Doesn't that suggest that there is something very wrong in the theory of supply and demand?

Gryboski: There are structural blocks in our system, structural blocks to competition, both on the business and the labor side. And those are the things to work on. We've got such things as fair trade laws and the minimum wage, which prevents wages from following the natural course downward and the power to enforce higher wages by threat of strike etc. And there are things like the Interstate Commerce Commission. We have built up over time constraints by which one person is not being allowed to win as effectively as it should. It is suspicious when prices do not come down following a recession and it does give evidence to a suspicion that there is an administrative market on both sides. But I don't think they are going to be a first because there are administrative markets we have to have controls.

Maclean: You cite the duration of unemployment by controls, but aren't those durations on every economy? In Washington, for example, the price of her hair is lower than the price of milk.

Gryboski: You're trying to put your value system on the market.

Maclean: Doesn't anyone? There are few advocates for the free enterprise system in the chambers of Harlem or Los Angeles. Isn't the question, are you already have the system, who is going to be the best? You're a very comfortable man, and it's easier for you to say, "Let the jobs in Washington go after the fact" than it would be for someone in there to say the same thing.

Gryboski: Okay, I tell that this system has

delivered a higher level of income and equality than it is, equality of opportunity rather than equality of result. We don't have the equal result you have in some other countries that have a mandated it, but I think the opportunity is there, and that's what I want to preserve, the freedom. The disadvantage is that some people don't have the opportunity because they were born into the wrong family or the wrong race, and that I want to correct. But when you move me for the other way, to try to control through equality, you're also removing degrees of liberty, which I value highly.



TO MOVE TO TREAT UNEQUALS EQUALLY IS TO ALSO REMOVE DEGREES OF LIBERTY

Maclean: "The law is to be improved by any product that is not and put from shop and under budget?"

Gryboski: The opportunity is very wide, but we need equity and equity.

Maclean: But isn't the reason that we seem to be going more toward a centrally planned economy the fact that equality is becoming an increasingly important issue?

Gryboski: I think the desire for equality is driving more and more countries toward a planned system, but it's an explosive mixture in that if you go too far you remove liberty.

Maclean: There is an underlying anxiety

it doesn't understand the free enterprise system. Isn't it possible that the public does understand it and doesn't think much of it? **Gryboski:** Well, they're faced with some of the things that don't look good. They look at those results and they don't want to have a better way to help the people in the future. As you, I don't believe a system to controls will help these countries.

Maclean: Isn't it true that if people don't follow their system is different, it's a danger? Isn't that what happened in 1971?

Gryboski: That's right. That's why Nixon was able to control the controls.

Maclean: What do you think the American program is to do?

Gryboski: We're looking at that. A lot of polls suggest that there is still a lot of support for private enterprise, but a lot of people don't know what the words mean. They think private enterprise has something to do with government.

Maclean: They would be right, if they're referring to Lockheed.

Gryboski: The polls are reporting on the one hand a belief in private enterprise and on the other hand a belief that we should control prices and control the big interests.

Maclean: What is your solution?

Gryboski: I would not do anything to redistribute wealth, except to those at the very bottom of the heap. I would give government a role, but I would in every case ask if there isn't a way to look more to private enterprise. I would not want to go back to horse-drawn, but I think we should always make the case that it is done by the private sector. National health insurance is coming up right in front of us, and I think that it is one of the things to be delivered by the private health care rather than by a government insurance corporation. The same with energy and gas, in which a lot of other nations are going the other way, to state ownership.

Gryboski: I think the desire for equality is driving more and more countries toward a planned system, but it's an explosive mixture in that if you go too far you remove liberty. You do more by growth, which raises the absolute level of the ship.

Maclean: You grow and the benefits multiply.

Gryboski: That's right.

Maclean: Regardless of what you think should happen, do you agree that country to go back in wage and price controls?

Gryboski: I've tried them to go back to some form of them. I don't think they will come back in the way we saw them in the 1930s and 1940s. I think they'll come in the form of price controls and rationing, as the first phase. And if inflation continues, then I think there's no question that we would go back to direct wage and price controls. I'm not forecasting that we will have that inflation and high rates are inevitable, but if they do occur we will do it.




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Letters

If the law is an ass, the cannabis law is a colossal one

Your Preview item concerning the government's failure to introduce reforms to the Narcotic Control Act in the House of Commons (September 20), while of great interest, misses the point. The continuing reluctance of the government to have this very important legislation passed is a matter of great regret, but the real victims are those who are charged with importation of cannabis, trafficking in cannabis, or having possession of cannabis for the purposes of trafficking and not those who are charged with the simple possession of the stuff. Those who are presently forced guilty of simple possession usually receive a fine and, before some magistrates, even a discharge. This would probably still be the case after the new legislation is passed and proclaimed.

Those who are now faced guilty of trafficking or possession for the purposes of trafficking, however, almost certainly go to jail. The courts have decided that in principle, laws by which legislation endorsed a maximum penalty of life imprisonment, the convicted person should be locked up. Those who are convicted of importing cannabis must, by law, be sentenced to seven years imprisonment on the basis of evidence that one might expect for a very serious armed robbery or a manslaughter. The proposed legislation dramatically changes this, giving the courts discretion to sentence according to the individual case.

The present provision operative, in one respect, grants a single sentence of imprisonment on importation and a discretionary fine that the government continues to procrastinate on the making of a very rational and a very sensible reform.

MARK THOMPSON & ASHLEY HAMILTON

Continued—by one who's been there

I want to congratulate Barry Callaghan on his excellent report *South Africa: Twilight For A Master Race* (September 20). Of interest. Dutch and British intervention, I was born and lived in an Afrikaans-dominated town, attended the Dutch Reformed Church, was educated at an Afrikaans-dominated school and I can vouch for the brutal necessity of both the letter and the spirit of Callaghan's article. The truth may be sad and tragic but it remains the truth nevertheless.

It is only through such informative articles, based on historical facts, that people outside of South Africa are going to realize the full extent of the inhumanity of this 20-year-old N in a square. Then perhaps Canadian and other Western financial and industrial institutions that make such handiwork profits out of apartheid will stop attempting to excuse and justify their trade with the Afrikaans-Nationalist government there.

JOHN DOMANUSKI & TORONTO

'Birth' is in the eye of the beholder

Dr. Morgentaler in his interview with *Maclean's* (October 4) stated that up to five months after conception an air drilling with a "pencil" because it is so "small" is considered a baby. That thinking is the result of his own research and study. He obviously would be biased because he obviously would be biased because he would rather test that he is not taking business life.

In October 1967, the First International Conference on Abortion was held in Washington, DC. It brought together authorities from around the world in the fields of medicine, law, ethics and social sciences. They met to a "think tank" for

several days. The first major question considered by the medical group was: when does human life begin? The group was composed of biochemists, professors of obstetrics and gynecology, parasitology, etc., and was represented proportionately in its academic discipline (race and religion) (e.g., 20% were Catholics). There arose unanimous conclusion (39 to 1) was: "The majority of our group could find no point in time between the union of the sperm and egg, or at least the blastocyst stage, and the birth of the infant at which point we would say that this was not a human life." The blastocyst stage is shortly after fertilization and would account for twinning. They continued: "The changes occurring between an implantation, a six-week embryo, a six-month fetus, a week-old child, or a mature adult are merely stages of development and maturation."

There has not been, before or since, a more important or a more qualified body of natural scientists who, as a group, have thoroughly discussed and come to a conclusion on this subject.

MIKE DOMANUSKI, WALKERTON, ONT.

Are also getting another bad rap?

Your article *Endless Of Endless* (September 18) is headed by a photo of a bag and beside it you state that bags are carriers of waste. It has been assumed on national TV that bags are not carriers of the disease and that the bag has no relation with waste. Would you please look into this.

C. J. SHEPPARD, MACLEARY, MAN.

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© deliver us from "professionalism!"

Jackie Timmer's *The Approximate Art of Daily News* (September 20) has a lot wrong. The former socialist administration is referred to as "Dave Barrett and his bumbling vice government" while the Bennett government is termed "professional." A little digging was the fact would clarify these myths.

(1) When the Soviets took over in December 1935, the unemployment rate in the Soviet Union was 15.8%. By May, the unemployment rate had risen to 19.4% and in January 1936 (August '79). During January-May, 1936, the unemployment rate under the Soviets averaged 9.1% while during the corresponding period under the war in 1935 it was 8.1%. This increase in the rate has occurred at the same time as the national unemployment rate has declined from 7.5% (January-May '75) to 7% (January-May '79).

(2) During 1975 (January-May), the war government held the rate of inflation in Vancouver to an annual level of 5.1%. During the corresponding months in 1935 under the Soviets, the rate of inflation was skyrocketed to an annual rate of 17.5%. Again in the situation demonstrates the national figures during the same period show a decline from an annual rate of 2.1% (January-May '75) to 5% (January-May '79). The major factor in the jump in the cost of living has been the rise in the price of government services and tax increases brought us by the Soviets.

(3) The most disturbing thing about the new Soviet government is that the enormous tax increases were introduced on the basis of family figures. The recently released *Industry Economic Review* shows that the Soviets had overestimated the supposed \$541 million deficit under the war by \$135 million. Combine this with the \$181 million transfer to the war—what we showed it didn't need to be immediately looking it back to the government—plus the permanent payment of \$61.8 million to the Hydro and the fact that last year's \$541 million deficit turns out to be a four-million dollar surplus.

The only promise that Bennett is beginning to show is an obvious ability to destroy the BC economy. Oh, if he could only replace the professional gang-banger-in-the-Soviets with the bumbling war, we might be single too.

TONY GUNTON VANCOUVER

The game of the name

I had to stop in the middle of reading *How Joe "Wine" Became The People's Choice* (September 20) to question the Toronto broker who said "I can't name a man who doesn't wear the pants in a family." Good lord, if that isn't a form of bigotry, what is? How on earth does Clark's wife's surname affect the "wearing of pants" by Joe Clark? Presumably the broker believes that a man holds a whip over his wife and family and makes all the decisions—even to which day to do the washing—and

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don't allow even conversion to which family members might make suggestions as to their preferences.

HOMER WILDEMAN, KANSAS CITY

Joe "Who?" indeed! Your cover shows an appalling ignorance on the part of you "Upper Canadians." Every Westerner knows who "Joe" is and we here in the Maritimes know that the next Prime Minister will be none other than Joe McMillan.

JAMES E. FEATHERY, WATERVILLE, ME

Clarity begins at home

On the whole, your article on the "Heir Apparent" was a well-balanced portrait of the man who is hoping and trying hard to replace the Liberal in Ottawa. Why, though, describe "Canadian" citizenship as necessary to join forces with the shrewd and jealous thinkers who try to make Trudeau the scapegoat for all the country's troubles? Many of these troubles can be laid at our own personal doors as individuals, along with corporations and unions. Haven't we refused stubbornly to accept our own responsibility for the present economic situation which we have brought on ourselves by our selfish extravagance and greed?

A. D. MACPHERSON, PORT CREDIT, ONT.

Truth, justice and the American way
All excellent newspapers such as Maclean's should not squander one line

much less a whole page on pieces such as Walter Stewart's anti-American diatribe *Why Don't You Look After Your Own, Democrats And The United States?* (September 14). Just what is achieved by publishing a collection of arguments about life in a U.S. city? The impression is given, of course, is precisely out of balance. Do you honestly feel that carping about one's neighbors contributes effectively to the development of a national respect for corporations in Canada?

HADELENE CONNITT, MARY HILL, PETERBORO, PA.

Canada first, last and only (eight)

Clive Cocking's *The car May Save Canada Coast-To-Coast But The Coast Would Prefer Soft Service* (September 20) and Martin Rodman's *The car: Thanks From A Grateful Nation* (August 1) make interesting but depressing reading. "Canadian culture" is a noble ambition and as a true-blue Canadian how can one possibly object to Canadian content (whether regional or national)? It is not really all that difficult if you live in a cosmopolitan town. One solution to Clive's pre-empting might be to ship the entire senior management to Japan and leave them to work one week of "Canadian content."

In Japan the townsmen residents have, for years, been preparing for cable TV. The CBC's latest ruling indicates that because we do not receive two stations at this time we cannot have cable. Canada's culture is

free but I wonder if there is such a thing as an overseas!

KUITH DEWAR, KEMPER, ALTA.

Clive Cocking's column on the car was rather lachrymose from one point of view at the other end of the country. We have just learned that the car is phasing out along down our local highway in January after just 18 months on air as part of a decision to discontinue all TV broadcasting from Toronto. Apparently the chiefs are disturbed that the TV network has not been as successful as it might have been, a point not really at issue. For many people want to listen to stereo talk shows right after night? Their answer to the problem, however, which involves cutting out our local morning show—one of the best shows on the air and by far the best choice on the air at that time of day—is to second compensation. What is needed is not more Toronto based feed, but more local broadcasting.

JYER FOWLER, ST. JOHN'S

People who live in glasshouses...

Peter Newman's interview with Adam Zimmesman (September 20) was most unfortunate. It went a long way to flatten the ethical yard—the lack of a social conscience—that breeds most executives of major corporations. The constancy of Newman's executive vice-president to the plight of the Chilean people is less the result of a firm ideological conviction as a

Sommet Rouge and Sommet Blanc, Canadian wines with a European accent.

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world where strain on investment is crucial to economic survival. The inconsistency of Zomerstein's remarks pertaining to the expropriation of the potato companies by Premier Blankenship's government and the "to-be-holy study on a major copper property" in Chile by Noranda, only serves to concentrate an existing reality. If Blankenship's take-over of the potato companies is successful and sufficient, how much more serious is the imminent action of Noranda in its attempts to close a deal with Chile's (pseudo-repressionist military junta)? With Noranda's involvement in Chile we Canadians are being indirectly implicated in this morally reprehensible act.

DAVID J. NORMAN, EDMONTON

If Adam Zomerstein possesses the educational and lifestyle perspectives to be "The ultimate Canadian voice" then he seriously has the whistles to match. I am increasingly disturbed by the logic of our corporate elite which suggests that to regain control over our own natural resources is "irrational" and "disastrous" but to support one of the most ruthless military dictatorships in the world is just fine and dandy because it is "restoring order to the Chilean economy in a way that is acceptable to a lot of the people." Zomerstein and I have obviously been talking to different Canadas!

BRANDENBURGER
WEST MONTROSE, ONT.

But seriously, folks...

I'm curious as to what is serious about the Art section on Jack Bush (September 20). Or rather, who is greatly testing us with pretending to take it seriously? I fear what I have read from the pens of critics, my friends and both the editors of Maclean's and Bush are clanking quality in depicting in those paint advertisements as art. I counted 15 shades of color, any well-used palette could do better.

K. P. CLARKE, PORT WASHINGTON, BC

Let them eat bureaucracy

Terence Donohue's *Feed The World's Starving Millions? We May Not Be Able To Feed Our Own* (September 20) makes it seem as though both Blankenship and the Senate Council of Canada have overlooked one dangerous signal, an increasing risk to our survival—the tendency of both federal and provincial governments in Canada to redistribute and waste in this country to our own detriment and that of the world by interfering more and more with the free market system. Ottawa spends millions buying up "surplus" butter and eggs and spends more millions just to keep them in storage until they go bad and often long after they are not fit for any use.

Provincial governments squander with the production of a number of agricultural products by allowing quotas to farmers producing eggs, better potatoes and other vegetables as well as fruit, and by over-



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Is Bourassa really campaigning to keep the French language in, or get English people out?

Column by Hugh MacLennan

During the Canada Cup hockey series, the same edition of the *Montreal Gazette* that reported that French had been named at Maple Leaf Gardens carried another banner headline: NOT TWO SORTED-OUT TWO HOSTILITIES—*Row Levesque*. I have never met Levesque outside a television screen. But I've heard him enough to know that his English has a smacking Londonism for Rome. As a human being he is not dangerous and he also seems honest. He has promised a referendum on secession should the Parti Québécois ever form a government, and most of us would welcome such a ballot if it were justly considered. It would clear the air one way or the other, and we think in the meantime it would go pretty well for Confederation. The Parti Québécois leader of course has no far better a practice than to set some problems. Robert Bourassa whose name in English is so often mispronounced, believes that so long as Levesque and his team of secessionist ideologues are the only alternative to himself, his government can ride till the cows come home—or as we might say it down.

So far as I can see, hardly anyone, francophone or anglophone, has a clear idea of what goes on in the mind of Bourassa. It has become a commonplace that Bourassa was a generous person, untrammelled by the internationally educated, quartered men whose constraints reverse nothing of the emotions behind it. As for his governments of architects and immigrants nearly all of us, French and English, his benevolent and workmanlike front has been frustrated to the screaming point by their plainness and financial chicanery and the obvious fact that most of their programs create more problems than they solve. As for the strange, off-mad money, even the cost of the Olympics pales before the spectre of James Ray. And yet Robert Bourassa may well be the most interesting politician in all Canada—and the least understood. He is not trusted and is not liked, but this doesn't do him harm. Neither does Mackenzie King and the Jews, but no body has ever doubted that they understood profoundly how to hold and manipulate political power.

So Robert Bourassa does beside Parti Tricolore and what do we say? That Tricolore is the greatest success in the history of the majority of Canadians outside Quebec, while they scarcely think about Bourassa at all. They have suddenly turned on Trudeau because they believe he is trying to join Quebec, down their throats and make them pay for it, the price. And why do most non-Quebeckers believe

that? Because at the very moment when Trudeau's Official Languages Act became the law of Canada, the Bourassa government declared (though in somewhat ambiguous terms) that Quebec was to become officially unilingual. Did ever Mackenzie King slip in a snigger like this? If Bourassa did that might Trudeau at least be a bit wiser. If he did it to pull out the rug from under the Parti Québécois the operation was perfect. But who knows? Did he perhaps do it because he believes that the hole remaining survival-chance of the first French is to isolate Quebec politically from the rest of the continent?



One thing is surely true. Bourassa certainly knows that English will continue to be spoken in Quebec. The real question, should Bourassa's linguistic program succeed or by whom will it be spoken? It will be spoken, I suggest, and perfectly, by the rest of us. But francophones who are afraid to send their children to the home schools. But it may disappear from the working class, who then would have little alternative save to accept whatever status that new, rich bourgeois establishment may choose to offer them. That's why, today, the real confrontation here is not French against English, but French against French, with the increasing appearance of a class struggle.

How strange it is that at the moment our members in the other provinces are turning on Trudeau, who is undoubtedly a federalist, they remain so ignorant of even the most elementary of Quebec. And how strange that it has occurred to few

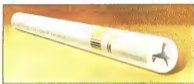
francophones that the decision as to whether or not Canadian Confederation breaks down should rest entirely with themselves. A time may soon come when English Canada, in its sufficiently sure of itself to believe it could survive without Quebec, would simply tell this province to go to hell and see about its own.

An anglophone in Quebec, we are frustrated because politically we are helpless and have come to realize that our somewhat belated endeavor to become a genuine part of it is far Quebecois, to carry its case to our countrymen outside, in long crystallized the policies of Bourassa and the reaction of the other provinces. We control not more than five seats in the Quebec legislature and the legendary anglophone conservatism of bourgeois has vanished. By its name of Quebec today is in the hands of the multinational corporations, combined with the government bourgeoisie.

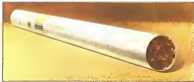
No doubt there is a great reason behind Bourassa's concentration on the language question. It is something that 15 years ago would have been unthinkable. Merely this, that suddenly the francophone birthrate of Quebec has become the lowest of any Canadian province, and the knowledge of this has thrown French-Canadian nationalists into a panic. Do they intend, not wish but intend—to create conditions that will make anglophones so uncomfortable here that they will simply pack up and leave? Is the real line political and not linguistic, and is the language merely the tool that is being used to activate the political fear? Personally, I can't see what else it can be. But never has the French language been so secure in Quebec as it is now. Politicians have not accomplished that Quebecoisness, peace, justice, and democracy have achieved it, and look at Ireland if you doubt that should they be cut off from the stimulus of living in these current seasons why should anyone expect the real culture of Quebec to develop in isolation? Before Ireland became Free, her language was magnificent. At the moment, Émile's most distinguished living writer is Samuel Beckett, the Nobel Prize winner, who has spent most of his life in Paris and even wrote *Waiting for Godot* in French. And we anglophones believe that here in Quebec, and I've tried when? The answer to this question may well depend on whether English-speaking statesmen outside Quebec will be able to resolve the concerns of Robert Bourassa.

Hugh MacLennan, author of *Two Solitudes* and many other important works, has lived in Quebec since 1967.

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Preview

Preview

Today Mexico, and tomorrow . . . the world?

The election of the secretary general of the United Nations has rarely been what anyone would think of as controversial. And until October 18, there was good reason to believe that discontent. Ken Wilks, of Australia, could have a second five-year term for the job. On that day, however, President Luis Echeverría of Mexico made it a race, officially he too was interested. His presidential term ends December 1, and by law he cannot run again. Wilks's term ends December 31. While it appears that Wilks has a relatively secure future, Echeverría has been campaigning, especially among Latin American nations, to become the Third World's alternative. And he has the credentials. Having, in his six years, severed Mexico off the United States and into closer relations with emerging and socialist countries. His stated mission there is "a new world economic order." Ironically the thing that could well defeat him is the large and growing Third World bloc in the UN, especially the African nations, which have already rejected Wilks, probably on the theory that when he steps down in five years they can replace him with one of their own.

In the nose of the beholder
Spunky Anderson of the Cincinnati Reds may not think the designated hitter rule stinks, but after Don Drysdale's 357 performance in the Reds' sweep of the World Series (see page 62) it must sound a little sweeter if asked Anderson then perhaps to coach National League teams to make the (or a future new season). The league has refused for five years following the American League's adoption of the rule which allows the replacement of the pitcher (pitchers, as a rule, can't hit) in the batting lineup, and it has kept some old-timers, notably Hank Aaron, in the game. The NL originally voted 11-1 against the "umpirey," but as August the opposition was down to 7-3 with two more Sox pollsters one of the "umpire" was Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers, who's run the league for as long as most people can remember, if he takes the second step, others are likely to follow. The other fringe vote was John McHale of the Expos, who has

two reasons to go for the rule now. First his new manager, Bud Wilkinson is first and second. Jose Morales, the best pitcher (and to baseball history (316 wins, 25 loss) would be in the lineup every day, where he can't be under the rotating system because he isn't even close to his best.

Revenge of the Holy Grail

The growth of the Momm Pythons (and in North America, as evidenced by the popularity of the series) has new television shows have been produced since December 1974 and especially of the film *Momm Pythons And The Holy Grail*, which has earned between \$20 million and \$25 million in Canada and the United States, has brought the gang out of retirement. They are planning, according to writer-performer Graham Chapman, *The Gospel According to St. Bruce St. Bruce*, a series was the thirteenth episode who looked after the business side of things when the other 12 weren't making any money.

Once more into the shuffle

With the resignation of defense minister Jeanes Richardson, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau once again confronted the choice of shuffling his cabinet, something he has had to do with disarming regularity in the last year or so. The specification in Ottawa was that Urban Affairs Minister Barney Danson, a veteran who lost an eye in the last war, will replace Richardson. That would leave a vacancy at Urban Affairs and it would seem logical to fill it with a



Batsavia during 1972 Canadian visit a member in the ring

batangonan, progress. Trudeau's decision to do so is seen as important to qualify the group that appears the West.

De-marrying for money

In mid-November David and Angela Royer will go to the Dominican Republic for a vacation and a divorce. Their second. In January they will marry again—for the third time—probably in El Paso, Calif., Maryland, the suburb of Washington, D.C., where they live. The Royers are the most public of an unknown number of American couples who go through the ritual annually to protect tax laws that make married couples pay a higher income tax than unmarried people living together by being single at year's end. They are first gets on track when they separate for the cost of the vacation in the Caribbean and the cost of the divorce (about \$350).

The amazing colossal company

Bechtel Corporation of San Francisco is generally considered to be the largest construction company in the world. (It also a company with which Canadians are familiar, since it is currently winning construction of the \$14-billion James Bay project and the two-billion-dollar Alberta gas pipeline project. At Seattle the megacorp, Bechtel has been contracted to build a city in Seattle, which will house 200,000 people. The city will include oil refineries, petrochemical plants, an aluminum plant and a coal plant, as well as harbor facilities, an airport and a downtown plaza.)

Canada

A terminal failure to communicate?

On a cool, overcast October day, Pierre Trudeau was giving a visit to the Lacombe, Alberta, in a short speech the first in a series of the man who was the last French Canadian to lead the country before Trudeau himself. "The surprise," said the surprised deputy, "is that the French Canadian who took political life could not have been attentive to the man of order and reason and of measured religious faith." Trudeau might have had some of his own problems in mind. For a crisis was in the making over a long-winded and divisive issue: Ottawa's bilingual policy. Just a day after the opening of the new parliamentary session, defence minister Jean Richardson told those in attendance that he was quitting the cabinet. Richardson announced "because he found that the Trudeau government planned to exclude the non-French bilingual program in a permanent Con-

sultation. Though Richardson's resignation seemed somewhat spontaneous, Trudeau's announcement showed that any such decision had been made in a rush and that consistency of line has seemed to trouble almost every part of the country and which, in the wake of many, is badly suffering from the failure of Confederation."

In his letter of resignation, Richardson warned against the constitutional entrenchment of language rights and spoke of the "very real difficulties and disadvantages that have been encountered in the bilingual program." Before getting off to Japan for an eight-day official visit (see The World), Trudeau angrily rebuffed Richardson in a letter of his own. Trudeau called the minister's position "extreme" and added that "the expression of these concerns can lead to a hardening of positions which could tear our country apart."

Richardson, a Winnipeg politician who did not exactly shine during his eight years in the Trudeau cabinet, denied that he had any interest in serving as a relay point for an anti-French anti-bilingual campaign. Yet the letters and intrigues that poured into his office showed that the Manitoban had struck a responsive chord in the West and in other parts of Anglophone Canada. Within 10 days, a 47-year-old Frenchman who seemed lost in the mists of history, "So glad you resigned and that you see the light where France is trying to make Canada a French colony," a *Montreal Star* columnist told Richardson. "For some time, I have felt that Trudeau would force a French-dominated totalitarian republic for Canada."

Suddenly, the bilingual issue seemed to explode into prominence everywhere. Five days after Richardson's resignation, Trudeau's slumping Liberals were humiliated in a pair of by-elections, and at least one of three bilinguals was clearly a factor (see following story). In Quebec, Premier Robert Bourassa chose the moment to call a November 13 provincial election in which the growing anti-bilingual backlash in English-speaking Canada was certain to play a role. In part, the Bourassa government's own Bill 22—which makes French Quebec's sole official language—has cost the federal government a large number of seats in the House of Commons. In recent months, Quebecois nationalists have been afforded by a mounting share of hostility from the rest of the country—from this summer's vote over bilingualism in the car to the bogus in Toronto of a bilingual ser-



Andras: "I think we took things too much for granted, became a little too complacent."

monium at September's Canada Cup hockey tournament.

In the wake of events following Richardson's resignation, two other former Trudeau cabinet ministers took from Quebec prepared to jump ship. Jean Marchand, who left Trudeau's cabinet to protest the anti-control issue in June, announced that he would quit parliament in May as *Baron de L'Isle* in Quebec. Royce MacLennan, who left Trudeau's cabinet in September over a separate issue, was considering doing the same thing. In an emotional Toronto speech, MacLennan brooded over the future of Canada and warned that "we're about to throw it away because we can't understand the reality of hatred, blind hatred and intolerance. There we become so cynical that we insist that a French Canadian or an English Canadian has a right to be served by the federal government in his own language."

There is certainly a rupture in the country where the bilingual issue has led to no new sense made. In the Maritimes, many anglophones resent bilingual labels that always seem to be facing the wrong way or stop themselves react against any sort of racial or ethnic distinction that appears weighted toward francophone populations and chiefs of the last time in some parts of the Maritimes people who want to send a telegram via car or car to deal with the company's Maritimer office. One of the toughest men in the first in Trudeau's plan to turn one squadron in the Gowerwood, Nova Scotia, air base into a French-language unit. For Alberta-born Squadron Leader Jim Johnson that decision was the last straw. "Bilingualism has been the coup de grace for the Canadian Forces," says Johnson, 45, who has to be the assistant, Nova Scotia, air base into a French-language unit. For Alberta-born Squadron Leader Jim Johnson that decision was the last straw. "Bilingualism has been the coup de grace for the Canadian Forces," says Johnson, 45, who has to be the assistant, Nova Scotia, air base into a French-language unit. For Alberta-born Squadron Leader Jim Johnson that decision was the last straw. "Bilingualism has been the coup de grace for the Canadian Forces," says Johnson, 45, who has to be the assistant, Nova Scotia, air base into a French-language unit.

In Ontario, bitter rows have flared over the provision of French-language education in parts of the province with sizable francophone communities. Not long ago Toronto's East York council endorsed a



Johnson: "bilingualism has been a coup de grace for the Canadian forces"

resolution calling on Ottawa to curtail bilingual services. Addressing W. S. Windsor, apparently an education reporter, Johnson said he had recently attended a conference in Quebec City and was "fed up to the teeth" with the prevalence of French in Quebec's capital.

But it is probably in the west that the most vocal complaints over French being "handed down people's throats" are heard. Hard-core bigotry is far from widespread—but it is there. One small town flock on the Prairies would go so far as to "kick the French out of Quebec," says Bill Mack, a *Longview, Alta.* rancher. "We have an old Western saying: we hope all Frenchmen wear their beret and because we have to live in this every day." Much of the resentment against Ottawa's persistent insistence behind that Ottawa is somewhat on acquiring all Canadians is because bilingual. Says Murray Stett, a farm equipment dealer in High River, Alta.: "I have seen a federal Conservative leader John Clark, I followed in Trudeau's train. I was told that Ottawa is somewhat on acquiring all Canadians is because bilingual. Says Murray Stett, a farm equipment dealer in High River, Alta.: "I have seen a federal Conservative leader John Clark, I followed in Trudeau's train. I was told that Ottawa is somewhat on acquiring all Canadians is because bilingual. Says Murray Stett, a farm equipment dealer in High River, Alta.: "I have seen a federal Conservative leader John Clark, I followed in Trudeau's train. I was told that Ottawa is somewhat on acquiring all Canadians is because bilingual."

Another source of Western resistance to bilingualism is rooted in the fact that the Prairies regularly were largely visited by waves of European immigrants who did not learn English. "If we have a second language in Manitoba," says Gerald Hebert, a manufacturer who spent a year in court fighting Ottawa's bilingual labeling by-laws, "it should be Ukrainian. The worst started by Ottawa's policies is the worst worst even those that the policies were partly intended to help—Canada's 1.4 million non-Quebec francophones, including the people who live in isolated and dwindling communities living out across the Prairies and British Columbia. Dr. Ron Ayotte, a francophone businessman at St. Boniface, Man., blames Ottawa for creating anti-French feelings. "The emphasis on the civil service," he says, "has been costly and ineffective. And now the feeling is that the French—especially in Quebec—are being given special consideration."

It seems extraordinary that so much angry resentment could be triggered by a program that has such a central status on the list of top Canadian. The concept of federal bilingualism dates back to the days of Lester Pearson, who as prime minister in 1968 enshrined the two language principles that remain operative today. That Canadians should be served by the federal government in the language of both Canada's founding peoples, and that French as well as English Canadians should be able to use the federal government in their own language. That modest plan was intended to construct growing separate strength in Quebec by demonstrating that there was a place for francophone Canadians in Ottawa. It was left to Pierre Trudeau, who swept into office as

1968 with bilingualism as his principal platform, to set in motion policies that spent the many close of Quebec nationalists—to put the program into effect.

As part of its program, the Trudeau government has pushed for the expansion of the bilingual services for French citizens in Quebec, made bilingual labeling of goods—a policy that, especially noticeable in the west—mandatory in the re-



Ritchie: "why should one third of the population dominate the other two thirds?"

tail level and tried, with limited success to force into bilingual all government institutions at Quebec airports. In its most ambitious and perhaps most controversial program, Ottawa has at its core of hundreds of millions of dollars channelled \$6,000 federal civil servants through individual language training courses—well tested results (see page 21). Increasingly, French Canadians are being served solely in their own language. Yet many anglophone civil servants, trained in French at an average cost of \$9,150 each, emerge from their courses still lacking functional bilingual skills—or only in that they they have made use for French in their work.

Now Ottawa has begun to react to the mounting evidence that something has gone seriously wrong with federal bilingualism. As a first step, Ottawa plans a massive publicity and educational campaign. It is also planning to explore bilingualism to English Canadians. Treasury board president Robert Andras, the unofficial godfather from Thunder Bay and state secretary John Roberts, the bilingual civil



Richardson: in the bilingual program, "real difficulties and divisiveness"

He who hesitates, Bourassa figured, might really be lost

For months Quebec's Premier Robert Bourassa had flirted at the prospect of a full election. Then, late in October, a short video tape cassette was put front of Liberal Party headquarters to television screens across the province, and the game was on. Duboisiers will go to the polls November 15 and the slogan that Bourassa's Liberals had chosen to campaign under soon leaked. Not an inoperative strap-spendant. Other issues that could help or hinder Bourassa in his battle with René Lévesque's separatist Parti Québécois were very much in the air—including the debate in the end of October over bilingualism and the latter divisions within Québec over the Liberal's unilingual Official Language Act, Bill 22. One thing seemed certain: Bourassa's Liberalism were bound to fall short of last year's landslide 1973 victory. "The key question was where the lost Liberal voters would go—Levesque's opposition or to a resurgent Union Nationale under Jacques Lévesque."

In calling an election two years before his government's current minority expires, Bourassa was clearly betting that if he waited longer his party's slumping fortunes would sag even further. In recent years, the Liberal government had been hampered by intense succession problems and on top of that, the government's minority, carrying little the prospect of having to meet its last year. The election campaign also will give Bourassa an opportunity to take on Québec's fractious anti-union forces, which alienated their local most recently during organized labor's October 14 national day of protest, while weak allegiances across much of Canada left below organized labor's expectations. Québec workers, many of them already on strike, brought life in the province nearly to a halt. Now Bourassa is



Bourassa campaigning: those were going from bad to worse

meeting 110,000 voters about once a week.

The mounting hostility is being played in anglophone Canada, provided assurance for both the Liberals and the now René Lévesque, which making his pro-independence bid to win a seat in the National Assembly. Bourassa's plan to display his party's separatist plans in favor of attacking the Liberals as corrupt and incompetent. But Lévesque stepped on the occasion of the federal Liberal's Thomas Blais, who promised a new drive to sell bilingualism across Canada to punish the Liberals outside of Québec were led up with bilingualism in English-speaking Canada. He declared the aversion to both the French language and to those who speak it. (Bourassa's weekly magazine pronounced "The recognition of federal defense minister James Richardson played neatly into Bourassa's hands. After Richardson said to protest the proposed amendment of extended language rights in a reprinted Canadian Constitution Bourassa was able to claim as the defense minister for calling an early election—the need for a new mandate before heading into federal-province talks on the Constitution.")

The other side of the election language issue is the educational province of Québec City's Bill 22, which among other things requires immigrant children whose mother tongue is neither French nor English to attend French language

schools, unless they can pass English proficiency tests. Opposition to Bill 22 has led to the decision by some anglophone voters to run again. Bourassa has managed to recruit other government critics of Bill 22 as candidates, which may help to defuse the issue in their approaches to Bourassa. Liberal members Jean Marchand and Guye Macdonald both made modifications of Bill 22 in an apparent condition for their running as provincial Liberal candidates.

Bill 22 has badly shaken the traditional allegiance of Québec's 1.2 million anglophones to the Liberals, and the other parties are courting them avidly. This was a Bill which they stand to gain some of the English-speaking vote, has promised to abolish Bill 22. The tiny Popular Movement Party under former Liberal minister Jeanne Choquette would modify the law. Some English voters may go to a new political entry—the federalist Democratic Alliance, a left-oriented party that grew out of the reform movement on Montreal city council. In the meantime, Québec's English-speaking community for the first time is beginning to think and act like a minority, feeling at times almost like hostages in the Québec-Ottawa negotiations over language rights. When James Richardson said, "I am a bilingual anglophone resident of Québec," my first thought was: Sweet Jesus, here we are caught in the middle and he does something about this that

GRANVILLE FRANK

seems to come from Toronto, will help lead the counterattack. Says Andrew "I think we took things too much for granted. We had become a little too complacent." The government also is reviewing bilingual labeling requirements to take complaints from manufacturers who trade only in English-speaking regions. Others also are taking a close look at the number of civil service jobs classified as bilingual, at last count there were 68,696—more than twice as many as Ottawa estimated there would be before launching the program. Another possibility is being considered—shifting the weight of second language training away from middle-aged mandarins and toward schoolchildren across the country.

For all the ill-will that Ottawa's policies appear to have spawned in some regions, there are encouraging signs that bilingualism already may be catching on in the schools. After a period of decline, none of the most English-majority provinces now require high-school students to study French, and during the past five years high-school French enrollment on a national basis has surged to 43.5 from 35.5 of all students. New parents seem to be demanding more French for younger children. In Toronto, four elementary schools are offering first language classes and

be a backlash, but there's also a frontlash, which is evident in the government's response to enrollment." In education, public school enrollment in ordinary French courses was down 18% last year. Yet bilingual



Short: 'pretty soon we'll all have to speak French, and we don't need it out west'

grad schools in Calgary and Edmonton are experiencing a population explosion. This year the Calgary school board's bilingual elementary school program reached an enrollment of 600—more than last year's figure. All that bolsters diversity for Ottawa's "York Ontario" plan, through the idea of providing federal funds for expanded language teaching in primary and secondary schools will first have to be worked out with the provinces. The idea was first put forward by Ottawa's official languages commissioner, René Spitz, who rejects suggestions that anglophone hostility to bilingualism reflects any kind of deep-seated or bigoted distrust of French Canada. Spitz suggests that bilingualism has merely become a convenient whipping boy for a whole range of anxieties, including wage and price controls and unemployment. Now, an Ottawa teacher is now campaigning to sell bilingualism.

Wallow: 'led up to the teeth with the prevalence of French in Québec City'

there is a good chance that a fifth may soon launch a program. In Winnipeg, a total of 123 students were enrolled in non-English courses this fall, and for Steve-Coe, the city's largest immersion school, reported a jump in enrollment from 134 to 560 students between 1974 and 1975. Says Raymond Hilbert, Manitoba's assistant deputy minister of education: "There may

be a backlash, but there's also a frontlash, which is evident in the government's response to enrollment." In education, public school enrollment in ordinary French courses was down 18% last year. Yet bilingualism, an ongoing a gradually less profile on the scene. The reason is that the party probably already has the votes of most of those who oppose bilingualism, and that there is no reason to integrate Québec by speaking out against Ottawa's policies. At the same time, the Tories are wary of the new Liberal drive to promote bilingualism, suspecting that the ultimate objective may be to once more cast national unity as a reaction issue. For that part, the Liberals are not yet with the idea of forcing a Commons' vote on bilingualism in the hope of splitting the Tories. Clark, who supports the principle of bilingualism and is trying hard to learn French himself, is confident that his party would win down on the issue. With the Tories standing so high in the polls, Clark's is a probable that even Alberta's outspoken Jack Horner would swallow his convictions on this issue and vote in favor of bilingualism.

Whatever the political risks the Ontario Liberals have made it clear that, while changes may be needed, the principles of bilingualism will remain firmly in place. "Commitment to linguistic equality," declared Robert Andrus during the 1976 Spanish elections, "is a commitment to equality before the law and other



Hébert: 'there may be a backlash, but there's also a frontlash.' Look at the enrollment

democratic rights. Instead he turned out to the victory on power or wealth, down depending on whom or how." If inter-communal conflict thrives over the issue, added Andrus, "all would lose: and what would be lost would be Canada itself." Putting it another way, Trudeau called for a new national consensus on language, on other issues as well. "We have a series of



Lévesque: countering the positive

people who are working the government to do good things for them and to back with the others," he observed. "We've got to re-embrace together this national consensus in terms of language, fairness in the economy, fairness in geographic distribution of fairness in the application of our moral values." Back in 1968 when he campaigned under the banner of the Just Society, Trudeau was swept into office on his promise to do all these things. Now, unless his government acts swiftly and wisely, he may be running dangerously short of time in which to make his vision come true.

Suspicion confirmed

It was not the biggest news to arrive on Pierre Trudeau's 55th-anniversary birthday. True, the Liberals harbored little hope of victory in the October 18 by-elections in Ottawa-Carleton and St. John's West. But the magnitude of the Liberal defeat in both ridings came as a shock. In Ottawa-Carleton, Tony Jaxa Pigott counted down to John Turner's old riding with a 14,698 vote plurality over his Liberal opponent, while in St. John's West the Liberals lost a surprising third behind Tony's sister, the Coady and Tony Mayo of the New Democratic Party. Little noticed in the flurry of recent political developments was the fact that the Trudeau government has now moved into a parliamentary danger zone. The by-election loss, combined with a federal Liberal defeat in the Quebec-Gatineau, left the government only four or five seats away from the point at which they would hold fewer than half the seats in the 264-member Commons—and because vulnerable to being swept into a minority government position.

The Ottawa-Carleton result earned another phony marriage for the Liberals, in a riding with a high proportion of civil servants, opposition to federal legislation put forward was the only satisfactory issue. Aware from the start they were in trouble over the issue, Liberal organizers opposed the nomination of francophone Henri Rouque and sought to field an anglophone candidate instead. Rouque, a University of Ottawa language professor, brought 218 rural supporters to secure the nomination. On the heights, Tony Pigott, Rouque and the NDP's Barry Kingston all agreed that federal bilingualism policies needed overhauling. In the end, piggybacking on the 23-year-old businessman who does not speak French himself—"I'm tone deaf where language is concerned," he says—"was the clear beneficiary of the process. A poll-by-poll analysis showed that the anglophone voters in Ottawa-Carleton by Liberal riding voted Conservative—perhaps out of a concern for steering too close to bilingualism Ottawa is creating an anglophone backlash that can only hurt francophones."

In Newfoundland, either the Conservatives or the Liberals had odds to show about as the wake of the vote in St.



Pigott with Clark and Pierre MacDonald (above), Jaxa and John Crosbie (below): not just injury to Trudeau, but insult



John's West. Tony Jaxa Crosbie was by only 3,000 votes, compared to the Tony's plurality of 6,000 in 1974, while Liberal Bob Jaxa would up with an unprecedented 17% of the vote (compared to 34% for the Liberals the last time). With 35% of the vote, Tony Mayo president of the Newfoundland Progressive of Labor produced the party's best showing ever in Newfoundland.

The St. John's West result elevated to the federal political scene one of Newfoundland's most colorful political figures. The son of a powerful Newfoundland family, Crosbie, a politician whose trade-cards have been a dining invitation and then for power—and a tendency to switch political sides. Once a member of Joey Smallwood's Liberal personal government, Crosbie resigned in 1968 and the following year challenged Smallwood for the provincial NDP leadership. He lost and after serving as an independent Liberal and as leader of a breakaway Liberal reform group, he joined Frank Moores' Conservative in 1971 and went on to serve as Moores' chief lieutenant in the island's Conservative government. In view of the heated political post, the ambrosia Crosbie could not easily water to the Tory leadership, so it was only natural that he should look to Ottawa as a further field of endeavor. Before attempting to jump to the federal level, Crosbie stated Jaxa leader Joe Clark last summer and was so proud he could count on a "responsible position" with the federal Conservatives.

No ounce of prevention

Eight months ago, the death of an American army private in New Jersey prompted Canadian health authorities to undertake the largest mass vaccination program in the country's history. The soldier had died



Shooting up against the odds: flu in this case performed it and he was not

of viral pneumonia caused by an aggressive strain of influenza known as swine flu. News that the flu season only weeks away, the stalled vaccination program has left Canadians confused and concerned, with some doctors calling it a case of too much, too late.

The Canada makes its annual appearance in Ottawa in mid-November, peaking in January and February. It takes a lead time of about two weeks for vaccination program to be effective: one week to identify the virus, another to vaccinate and at least three weeks to develop an immunity. But no Canadian has yet been vaccinated against swine flu or the more common A/Victoria strain which last year killed several hundred Canadians. Physicians expect to receive some supplies of vaccine during the first two weeks of November, but even officials admit they may be too late. "I have concerns that they will be ineffective before we have the vaccine," said Ottawa's chief medical officer of health Dr. Gordon Martin. "It's regrettable that the vaccine is so late. The original plan was to have the vaccine in early weeks by August."

Part of the problem is a matter of supply. Canada usually buys its vaccine doses from drug manufacturers in the United States with a universal swine vaccination program well underway in the United States, the American companies have no supplies to sell to Canada. To find

enough vaccine to vaccinate 11.6 million Canadians, the federal government had to search the world. By the end of October, Ottawa had purchased 12 million doses from Australia, Holland, West Germany, Brazil and France. Worked up by shifting the delivery dates and the need for clinical tests, none of it has yet reached the province. Because U.S. companies are working overtime to meet the demands of the national inoculation effort, Canadian doctors are not receiving even ordinary flu vaccine. Over the course of a Canadian winter, most family doctors administer flu vaccine to the elderly, or those susceptible to infection, in mid-autumn with a recall booster in late winter. "Now it's impossible," said one Toronto doctor. "There just isn't a drop of anything available."

Apart from the distribution problems, the health community is split over the efficacy of mass vaccination against swine virus. Some family doctors and immunologists believe that large-scale vaccination is one justified because there have been no confirmed reports of deaths caused by swine flu since February. At a mid-September meeting in Fredericton, Canada's health ministers agreed to delay immunization against swine flu for evidence and to proceed with a limited inoculation program for the chronically ill and the elderly. The province was more evidence that the swine virus is actually in the population before proceeding. But federal Health Minister Marc Lalonde said that any delay "is a calculated risk that I'm not prepared to take" and announced that the federal

government would go ahead with its campaign in the Northwest Territories, the Yukon and for Canadians traveling overseas. Some provinces such as Ontario plan a vaccination program for chronically ill persons and everyone over 65 with exposures of flu-vaccine to combat both A/Victoria/75 and A/Victoria/76.

Anxiety over the flu vaccine was heightened in September when those elderly people died shortly after receiving their shot in a public clinic in north-west British Columbia. Vaccination programs in 10 other states were immediately halted pending responses on the three Washington residents. When it was discovered that all three had chronic cardiac and respiratory diseases, and that their deaths could not be attributed to the injection, the inoculation program was resumed. But by month's end, the Centre for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, withdrew the deaths of 41 Americans who succumbed after getting their flu shot. Since the U.S. program began in early October, more than two million people have been inoculated.

If Ottawa and the provinces can finally decide on supply and distribution of the vaccine, an inoculation program should begin in most provinces this month. But Canada has long lagged behind the United States and Britain—which has had a flu survey program for 15 years—as planning for the epidemics. Canadian doctors are currently furious with Ottawa over its refusal to grant \$80,000 for a surveillance program before January. The College of Family Physicians of Canada says the survey should begin immediately before the flu season, and must spend \$150,000 from its own resources. The college is not willing to establish this winter and twice the possible, many Canadians and their doctors are left wondering what they will get this—be it or the vaccine. MICHAEL ENRIGHT

EDMONTON

Son of hotter skelter

For months, Edmonton police had been anticipating an outbreak of violent crime involving at least one victim, an apparently innocent woman, and an unprovoked kidnapping incident that netted hoodlums several thousand dollars. Then at 10 a.m. on a day early in October, Robert Baker, manager of a local Edmonton supermarket, was mugged by a man in a dark jacket. He stepped out of bed and found himself facing three people whose faces were masked by nylon stockings and wearing the burlap of a sword-of-daggers and a 21-caliber rifle. The stolen money Baker had on him was \$1,000. Baker's wife then left, taking Baker's wife, Linda, with them as a hostage. The extortion plan came unraveled when Mrs. Baker, who had been left in a parked car, freed herself and went to an alarm station. The police had arrived in a surprising 15-minute made up of an anti-social and three

message boys, the youngest only 16.

Stud an Edmonton detective, shaking his head in disbelief. "It's the Chudus Moscow gang all over again." Before the Alberta surgeon's office ordered police to refuse the information, cops based at controversial "family" style living arrangements among the gang, bypassing judges and experiment in terror.

The crime wave may go back to June when a young thugshot from Ontario was invited to go home, shooting outside. Edmonton. He has not been seen since, and police fear that he may have wound up in a target himself, while his companions practiced their shooting. In August, Edmonton police were called to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church to investigate a break-in. Leon Blakelock had been heard with a telephone cord and beaten so badly it took an autopsy to discover the bullet wound that killed him. A policeman called the killing "senseless," but Blakelock may have been a victim of a series of murders being planned. The killing took a police \$300 from the church collection of the day before.

Eleven nights later, supermarket manager Gordon Brink and his wife Nicole were pulled aside when the two went on to their bedrooms. Three bursts aimed with a sword-off blade and warning rifle shots over their heads toward the couple with a telephone cord, then rounded up the couple's four young children. Using Dawn Brink, 13, as a hostage, the intruders ordered Brink to go to his store, empty the safe and drop the money in a designated parking lot. Brink followed orders, and found Drive was found safe in her own basement. The break-in occupied with an undetermined amount of cash.

A week later, John Chaska, 57, a volunteer firefighter who spent four nights a week and every weekend at the Delta community centre was hitting in the 10 p.m. radio when a dark blue sedan caught him in the shoulders and neck. Throwing blood, he staggered across the street to call the police. As in the killing of Blakelock, the wounding of Chaska seemed random, police speculate that he may have been chosen at random as a target for shooting practice. The crime wave ended with the extortion attempt on Robert Baker. It was a shot from RCMP officer who figured the suspect. Checking on a parked car, she appeared a pair of rifles aimed at him as he got out.

Preliminary hearings will begin in November on a series of charges facing Frederick McKinnon, 37, Ronke Meyer, 19, Randy Prokashin, 11, and Gerald Eisenbatt, 36, all from the Kinsmen, Ontario, area. All four are charged with kidnapping and extortion in the Baker case. McKinnon, Eisenbatt and Prokashin are charged with kidnapping and extortion in the Blakelock case. Police are also in-

vestigating another "ransoming" involving bank deposits made recently in Edmonton. Also noted during raids in the investigation in what police called their "Blakelock and Chaska" photographs. It shows a wedding party standing in front of a decorated van, the groom and two companions in the photo are being shot, while the bride and groom are being held in the van. The three teenagers accused are being held in Fort Saskatchewan jail, where they have requested court orders to allow them to see McKinnon, a being held in a Calgary jail. While denying their youthful charges between court appearances, police even went as far as to buy them Pop-Tarts. **STANISLAW DUBOWSKI**

OTTAWA

The party's over

Ever since the 1967 federal election, when he came blazing out of rural Quebec and helped elect 25 of his followers to parliament, René Charbonneau's name has been almost synonymous with that of Social Credit in the national level. But the leader of 11 Quebec Social Credit, or Crédiens, M.R. Charbonneau's days of political election success are over. A dastardly Charbonneau, 39,



Charbonneau as he goes, so go the Crédiens

suffered a stroke in September that left him partly paralyzed. Accordingly, the Social Credit faithful will gather in Ottawa early in November to choose a successor—who could well discover that without the fiery Charbonneau at the helm, there might very shortly be no more left to lead.

The dissonant Crédiens over the years were quick to slap down any rivals and as a result, there is no obvious successor. One of the likeliest candidates for the succession is André Fortin, a Crédiens ex-who already resembles Charbonneau in style, strategy and charisma. Another possible successor might be Charbonneau's own son, Gilles who is the party's sitting executive secretary. But Gilles Charbonneau decided not to run, on the grounds that the succession was not of Crédiens but of the name. Charbonneau must end. Instead, Gilles was spearhead-

ing a drive by younger party members to make the government for the first time with a democratic spirit, perhaps under the leadership of Sir René Manion of Nova Scotia. Charbonneau, the party's national president.

The new party chairman will take over a marginal party that has been tagged with socialist. Two Crédiens sons and 36 party workers have been charged with money in fraud in connection with Social Credit fund-raising activities. Moreover, although Social Credit maintains a formal national structure, it has in reality been a Quebec-based, rural oriented party looking for and potency in parliament. Crédiens are just noisy speak in the Commons. When they do, it is usually to defend the economic interests of their constituents on such issues as milk reduction or to take a hard line on moral issues (against abortion, for capital punishment).

Quebec Crédiens, in fact, it is widely assumed it will be only a matter of time before other veteran Social Crediters will, and the remaining Crédiens jump division is about equal proportions between the Liberals and Conservatives. Already behind-the-scenes talks have been conducted between Crédiens and Tories to see whether a merger could be brought about. The Tories, Liberals would probably prefer to see the Crédiens remain alive. As the principal federal opposition party in Quebec, the Social Crediters present no serious threat to the Liberals, but they have helped in the past to prevent the federal Conservatives from gaining a firm hold in the province.

Whether in chosen will be hard put to follow in the footsteps of one of the most respectably successful of limited Canadian politicians of the century. Raised in north-central Quebec during the Depression, Charbonneau a quick-tempered and determined young man, became a disciple of Social Credit in 1938, its first federal election to parliament in 1946. Cast out of office in 1949, Charbonneau took over a Chrysler-Dodge sales dealership in the northwest Quebec mining town of Rouyn-Noranda. In 1961 he linked his fortunes to Crédiens as Robert Thompson's Western-based national Social Credit party. Campaigning in 1962, Charbonneau amassed crowds of up to 10,000 without fanfare, money or strategy.

Later, Charbonneau split with Thompson and Social Credit owed to him as a failed force except in Quebec. Even there, Crédiens numbers dwindled over the years and Charbonneau seemed to lose his once magical touch. In 1973, he tried unsuccessfully to form a Liberal-Unionist party in the Quebec provincial election of the day and although in 1973 Dupont was elected leader it was with disastrous results. As the federal Crédiens prepared to choose a new leader, a party member recently visited the old warrior and reported that the fiery Charbonneau in a last-ditch "last supper and his good-bye."

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The new Number Two

Pierre Trudeau knew only one man could save him. Reluctantly, Allan MacEachen took on the job

By Michael Enright

Thanksgiving Weekend is the kingdom of Allan MacEachen. The yellow, L-shaped house sits on the east side of Lake Abnisko, 25 yards from the shoreline in the middle of Cape Breton. The east side of the lake is a land of Protestants and Tories and speckled trees that fight the line. MacEachen is relaxed in a muslin pullover and scotch-scented slacks as he watches the seagulls peck at the sea. The weather, the mood, the country, has turned. The sky is a greyish grey. It is almost raining. Inside the house, MacEachen pokes at the unburnt fire and brings out a bottle of good port. He wants to stop talking to the mainland for a while and take a Kevin MacNeil who dropped in for the afternoon. MacNeil, a young and grifted folk singer, weaves dark tales of death and shipwrecks with his songs. The music is haunting and the port takes everybody's mind off the weather and the political talk, and even the fire is coming. MacEachen talks about MacNeil's songs and the writers of Gaelic

music. He seems to know every Hebridean song ever written. He moves to the stereo for yet another favorite, what he suddenly remembers a communist. A local man died a few days before and MacEachen had promised to drop in in the wake.

"Do they still have old-fashioned wakes in Cape Breton?" the mainland asks, stupidly.

"Oh yes, we still do you know."

Early September, the flight back from Honolulu to Ottawa, Allan MacEachen was feeling particularly pleased about his 17-day trip to the coasts of the Pacific rim. The speeches had gone well, even in Astoria where the speech, looking from a tough as visiting dignitaries. Diplomats were pleased that Canada's current affairs minister was interested in them and that Canada's "Pacific Democrats" seemed to be seeing more than foreign policy papers. The speech was the flight back alone. His aides changed easily with the traveling reporters; they were pleased with the Boss's performance. The minister was looking forward to meeting the Prime Minister when he returned. While he was away, the Liberal government had been battered by the results of a Gallup poll. The Conservatives, under leader Joe Clark, were leading in the month of a 41% popularity rating. The Liberals were lower than they had been in 18 years with 26%. While few people were moved to plead for Clark as prime minister, a lot of them were saying they couldn't stand Trudeau's current program and more rigorously could stand Trudeau. When a political party has the image of a loser it soon takes on the reality of losing—support, campaign donations, elections, whatever. Trudeau wanted to do something and do it quickly, surprisingly. Even though he had admitted in the past he is a poor manager of men, he decided to turn around the minister in his cabinet. One of the first

MacEachen: there was a little of north, a lot less glory for a lot more power





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The original:
Amaretto di Saronno.

people he wanted to talk to was his central office minister, Allan MacEachern. They met in the Prime Minister's office at midday. The PM was agitated and apologetic but he had to make a request: he wanted MacEachern to go back to his old job of leading the government in the House of Commons. MacEachern was stunned. It couldn't be because of his work as External No. Trudeau was pleased with MacEachern's two-year tenancy at the foreign office, but the question now was politics, not performance. There was the matter of the polls. Plus the fact that the coming session of parliament would be fraught with a lot of contentious legislation. "It's going to be a long winter," MacEachern would say later. At the governing party, the Liberals had never been able to quiet the bang of parliament. The last session (under the House leadership of Mitchell Sharp) had been a series of blunders from Sky Shops to the judges' offer to be benched-up moves to raise Members' salaries. Trudeau could never trust himself to understand the delicate balance and tension on stage as play as the House of Commons. Even though it might appear to be a demotion, he needed MacEachern. The government, and by extension the country, needed him. MacEachern's mind raced. He did not want to give up External Affairs. He was just beginning to bring things together in a department that had become moribund under the fractious leadership of Mitchell Sharp and Paul Martin. He was determined to stake it up, nation to nation in former glory days of his old mentor Lester Pearson. The PM wanted to take it away from him. MacEachern had a chilling thought, he was about to become the first minister in Canadian history to lose his portfolio because of a Gallup poll.

Now, in the m's office, he faced three options. He could either take the job portfolio, telling Trudeau he wanted to stay with External Affairs. He might win, but his long-range effectiveness would be impaired. Trudeau, with his advice from friend, liked to make his own foreign policy, and if he stayed over the Prime Minister's objection MacEachern would never be sure that he had Trudeau's unwavering support. Option Two was the MacEachern option: He could tell Trudeau that he was overstated, that he was leaving the cabinet, but that would have left House Scouts without a voice in cabinet. His house promises among a delicate mix of development that will determine economic fate for the rest of the century. There is the question of offshore oil, energy subsidies and the whole painful matter of Cape Breton industrial concentration. Next, Scouts would somebody in the cabinet to spend its use. Option three was perhaps the hardest on personal terms: he would take the House Leader's job and give up the prestige and downsize line of External Affairs.

He chose Option Three, but he set down



In his, MacEachern wonders, the first man to lose a portfolio in a Gallup poll?

a few minutes. First he wanted to retain control over Canada's foreign aid agency, CIDA. Add to the Third World had been a long-standing passion of his. He knew that economic realignment between developing countries and the industrial West is the key to peace and stability in the world. Secondly, he wanted to keep his job as the co-chairman of the North-South conference on the new economic order being held in Paris. He had accomplished a great deal during the last session of the conference. At one point he broke a deadlock among Third World nations that threatened to scuttle the entire endeavor. Next, there were a couple of political factors. For one thing he wanted to dislodge the Prime Minister of any thought he might have about dropping John Munro, the labor minister. Munro is one of MacEachern's closest friends in cabinet. During MacEachern's abortive drive for the Liberal leadership in 1966, Munro had delivered a large block of votes from his district in Brandon, and Munro was firmly on the left-wing of the cabinet, in fact were the left-wing of the cabinet. Trudeau agreed to MacEachern's conditions and asked a confidence vote—he would officially designate him deputy prime minister. MacEachern didn't ask for the title, after all it was meaningless. The last official deputy prime minister the country had was Paul Hellyer. Canada's George Romney. MacEachern walked back to his Centre Block office. He

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hold his personal staff. "Well boys, we're moving." The reaction was a mixture of rage and indignation. MacEwen kept his anger to himself.

Only later, at the swearing-in ceremony in Ottawa, did it bubble over. Michael Pitfield is the Clerk of the Privy Council, Prime Trudeau's closest friend and the most powerful civil servant in the country. He is a shadowy character who understands the public's business is public. After Trudeau met with MacEwen, Pitfield is reported to have told the rest that two of MacEwen's conditions were unacceptable: that crisis and the North-South economic conference were within the realm of External Affairs and had to go to the new minister. Don Jamieson, Trudeau's right-hand man, agreed. When MacEwen found out he was fired and after the meeting, he cornered Pitfield and chewed him out about political etiquette. MacEwen has a slow fuse, but when he erupts, his temper is awesome. When he finished berating Pitfield, he stormed out of the hall, saying to his chauffeur and close friend Alex Levesque, "Let's get the hell out of here." The chauffeur tore down the driveway, past the waiting photographers.

The return of MacEwen to the usually dreary job of House Leader was the major event of the times that was the September 24th shuffle. European diplomats openly expressed displeasure at his departure from External Affairs. A New York Times editorial questioned the wisdom of moving him. Some of his own supporters urged him to quit, as did some of the friends of colleagues he recruited. But MacEwen is a tenacious man, and the idea of giving up didn't sit well. Colleagues Flora Macdonald has said of him: "You have to remember that Alex is a Cape Breton Scot, he has to fight to be happy."

To read the gross clips of this memorial 35-year-old bachelor is to be carried away on a gust of adjectives by writers desperately trying to capture the man: stout, brilliant, busy, reflective, practical, contemplative, wary, energetic, reserved, generous, outgoing, awkward, cautious, rigid, tough, cautious, naive, deliberate, methodical, shrewd, sincere. There is no consensus. He has one of the best minds in cabinet, yet at times has to grope for articulation. It is public he is a man to the point of severity, but in private he can dominate a conversation with belated anecdotes. He has enormous powers of concentration, but he sometimes appears vague and distracted. He has the range of a peacock's locket, and yet he is a good team player. In one area there is consensus: MacEwen is a superb parliamentary craftsman. He knows the game of the House, in order and its intricacies as well as any man there, certainly far better than the Prime Minister. During the Liberal minority government of 1972-74, there was a meeting around the House of Commons. "If MacEwen goes up to speak the government must be in



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imble." It was because of MacEwen that the 1972 Liberal government stayed alive as long as it did. Everybody recognized it. One Liberal backbencher said of the issue: "This Prime Minister's position has never been understandable since day one, has it not? Well, not before MacEwen. Now, with a new parliament and a new cabinet, Allan MacEwen has been called upon to be responsible once again."

His father, as seen in a sepia photo in MacEwen's living room, was a dark-skinned, clear-eyed man with richly black hair. He worked in the end pit of Invercay on Cape Breton for 46 years—"long

enough," he says. "I didn't think that life in a Cape Breton coal-mining town at those times was all that something." He looked around for a way out. He went to university in St. Francis Xavier in Antigonish where he came under the influence of the Reverend Moses Coady, Monseigneur Coady, preacher of social Catholicism and founder of the Antigonish Movement, because an important part of MacEwen's life. "He taught me that things could be changed, that all things in this world were attainable." He briefly thought of becoming a priest, as most Cape Breton Catholics boys do at one time or another, but decided to stay with the secularist



Back to the old class—and instability

world. By the time he was 25, he was a full professor of economics at the university.

Then in 1948 the new Prime Minister of Canada, Lester B. Pearson, called an election. In MacEwen's home riding, a former judge at the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, a man named William Connors, announced he was going to run for the Liberal nomination. "I had hoped for him but I thought the man was too old. I had been to the House of Commons with Lester. So I came up to control the nomination. But Connors had the support of all the party executives in this region and here was an opportunity to take the nomination away from him. They thought I was a radical, some kind of revolutionary, head-banging dynamite," MacEwen was severely defeated and he returned to the protective cocoon of academia life. He went on to do postgraduate work in economics and industrial relations. In the 1953 election Connors finally decided to retire and MacEwen got the nomination. And was the riding.

During his last term in parliament MacEwen became close with Lester Pearson. If he made a particularly good speech Pearson would send him a note. It was only natural that they became political allies, as well as friends. When the Conservatives won their 208 seats with John Diefenbaker in 1958, they looked terrible. MacEwen had been defeated (the last time by 15 votes) and Pearson congratulated in the opposition backbench. "I remember the first time I saw all those Tories



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the House." MacFadden recalled "Everyone Duff moved, they moved with him. Everyone he wanted, they all wanted. It was unbelievable to me then that they could be beaten." When Pearson went into parliamentary exile, MacFadden went with him. He and Minister Lescoeur came from Quebec because the opposition leader's personal advisers. Later they were joined by Tom Kent, editor of *The Ottawa Free Press* and Walter Gordon, the Toronto management consultant. Together their four served as the leader's Advisory Committee, a kind of cabinet-in-exile during the "Diefenbaker interregnum." They began to work out

politics that would return the Liberals to power.

In the 1962 election, MacFadden resigned his Cape Breton seat even though the Liberals failed to make the government. Pearson and MacFadden worked closely together and the next year the Liberals formed the government. The evolution of Pearson's so many ways, each respected the other's autonomy. In his memoirs, Pearson refers to MacFadden as "the old smoothie" — able to almost flawlessly navigate into doing the government's bidding but friendship or not, MacFadden at one point threatened to resign from the cabinet. In 1966, he then became minister,



A new sort of ruler, the time — the

MacFadden Sharp ordered the postponement for one year of a national health care plan. MacFadden, who had helped negotiate through all the legislative stages was furious. He wanted to quit. Pearson was out of the country at the time so he went to see Paul Martin, the acting prime minister. "You can't resign on me, Allan," Martin told him. MacFadden cooled down.

Throughout the years that marked the Pearson years, MacFadden was an island of calm and amiable competence. It never revealed itself in dramatic scenes than on Black Monday in February 1965, one of the most turbulent moments in Canadian political history, when the Liberal government was suddenly defeated. Pearson was in Japan taking a brief leave of absence and a well-deserved vacation. Finance Minister Sharp was presiding over the second reading of a money bill. MacFadden looked around the House and saw an unusual number of Tories in their seats. He knew that the only way the thing to do was wait until reading at the next reading. But Sharp didn't hear or misinterpreted the deputy speaker, and allowed the second reading to go ahead. The Tories kept the division bell ringing for 75 minutes. When the vote was taken the Liberals lost 31-42. Traditionally a government defeated on a money bill is a government that has to go. "The whole thing was ridiculous," MacFadden says. Pearson had to make back to a foreign Ottawa and give MacFadden the job of working a confidence motion that would spare the country an election. MacFadden's motion (with a bit of Pearson's editing) passed and the government was saved.

As about the same time, MacFadden told Pearson he hoped to succeed him as leader of the Liberal Party. Pearson told him he couldn't see that. MacFadden told him he couldn't see him play the favorite son role, trying to get every Maritime vote he could get his hands on and hope for a strong showing on the East



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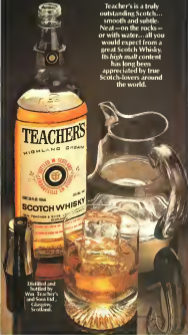
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When Marzano-born Robert Watson came into the race in the "boy from Lunenburg" he split the Marzano bloc and the strategy went out the window. On the night of his defeat for the leadership Macfadden, with a few friends sat up late in a room at the Chateau Laurier Hotel Macfadden's close friend John "Pope" Macfadden roused up and down the vote playing Scottish laments while Macfadden did devastating impersonations of the new Liberal leader and Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

External Affairs was to have been the cultivation of Macfadden's career. For too long the department had been run by grey men and somewhat dimwits who said such things as "I think I can say with some assurance and from documents we've been having that it's too early at this time to say what Canada's role will be. If Canada has a role." He was appointed in August of 1974 and was something of an unknown quantity in the bureaucracy. And to other people. One night he was taking a reporter up to his office in the Lester B. Pearson Building when he was stopped twice by security guards and ordered to produce identification. But he was because known to the diplomatic community as a man with an ordered mind and a determination to strengthen Canada's foreign policy posture toward other nations. He made a trip to the Middle East to meet Arab leaders and lay the groundwork for bilateral relations between Canada and the oil-rich Arab states. Some leaders of the Jewish community interpreted this as a softening of Canada's support for Israel, but when Israeli commandos rescued Jewish hostages from Entebbe, Uganda, Macfadden was one of the first foreign ministers to give strong and unequivocal support to the raid. "What we were trying to do in the Middle East was show that our policy was not frozen or fixed in stone, that it was open to change and evolution." He also became the first Canadian ambassador to face, subject, the Law of the Sea. He also got along well with Henry Kissinger. Just as was in the area of the Third World that Macfadden played a major role. As an economist he was profoundly disturbed at the economic imbalance between the developing countries and the West; as a humanist he was determined to do something about it. But then came the summer, the Gulf oil, the meeting with Trudeau. Macfadden suddenly was more important in Ottawa than in the rest of the world's capitals.

The place of House Leader in the hierarchy of Ottawa politics is ill-defined. It's one of those jobs that everyone agrees is important but few really understand. "It's largely an invisible job," says Macfadden. "The only time you attract any attention is when you're in trouble or when you make major mistakes." Actually the House Leader is the general manager of the government. It is his job to set the legislative schedule, decide what bills will be called.

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It's not much fun, but some good work had to come to the aid of the party

how much time will be allowed for debate and debate is central to the proposal that can hurt the government. There are two ways to play it. One is to be arrogant, tough and doctrinaire, the way Donald Macdonald chose in his term as House Leader. The Macdonald approach has its advantages. For one thing, parliament can push back. It can stall legislation or a flood of amendments, making the government look out of control. The other method is Macfarlane's way. The hallmark of his approach is persuasion. "The fun is to be a job where someone disagrees," he says. "If confrontation dominated, the job would be a living hell." It becomes a matter of trading off, of promising an amendment here in order to save a clause there. The government House Leader meets at least once a week with his counterparts in the other parties, so the current session they are Stanley Knowles of the opposition, Walter Baker of the Conservatives and Liberal Bourdieu of the second Credit Wharfedale. In these meetings, all the round-table leaders are bound to keep whatever promises he makes within House of Commons back on his word. His credibility and effectiveness with the others are severely impaired. It is known universally that a deal made with Macfarlane is a deal made.

He showed he could do the job during the minority parliament when he managed to gain the support of the new without seeming to put the Liberal Party in bed with David Lewis—and kept the Tories out of the superior going thing. A New York example was the bill to reform the income tax law. It took weeks of meetings with the other House leaders, persuading, arguing, some shoving, to get it ready. He phoned the bell so that the new could vote for reductions in personal income tax and against lower tax rates for some corpora-

tions. Because of the way he framed the corporate tax vote, the Tories had no choice but to vote for them. The Tories were mad, the vote was unanimous and Macfarlane was happy. Back at the job again, he will take a similar task. With one difference. It is Macfarlane who is in full charge of the government's business, not the numerous people in the Prime Minister's Office. By making a complete bath of the cabinet shuffle, the vote has effectively isolated itself from the cabinet and from the business of the House. Macfarlane intends to see that it stays that way, with the two playing, for once, by his rules. Less than two months after the cabinet shuffle, Macfarlane had won back the two jobs he wanted so much to keep: co-chairman of the North-South Commission and chairman responsible for trade. It is some consolation. At a reception for his son's foreign minister, Nigel Allan Macfarlane was asked by Professor Man Cohen of McGill University how he liked going back to his old job. "Max," Macfarlane replied, "how did you feel about going back into the classroom for the twentieth time among the same old ones?"

Thanksgiving Weekend in the kingdom of Alan Macfarlane. The rain started to come now and Macfarlane has to get back to work. He has been scheduled up here for a week preparing for the opening of the new parliament. He is not on the scene of these or four more Scottish inquiries, talks, a bit about Scottish independence and about the system he offers. It's a very place where he conducts "chairs" for his constituents.

"If you need it next week, good luck," the minister says. "Macfarlane says, 'What the hell knows anything about politics anyway?'"



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Saturday Night Whiz

Last year Lorne Michaels was all that stood between NBC and disaster—but what has he done for them lately?

By Ron Base

In the offices of the sacrosanct network, 17 floors above New York's Rockefeller Center where executives in suits sit at desks, a half-dozen colorful murals portraying hard-nosed men in suits and ties are on the wall. The man who in 1971 introduced *All in the Family* and *Sanford and Son* would think he could spot a dying joke in a minute, even if it is his own. But he can't. Expressively dressed in casual clothes, wearing well-worn reading glasses that give him a gentle, Ben Franklin air, he stands gazing fondly at the murals before him, a benevolent smile showing his features in the lip-prints on the screen before him. Edith Becker and Archie, the Jeffersons, Maude's characters, the little video people who have made him rich, and famous, and a legend in the industry. They are taking turns chatting with Norman, talking him when a great guy he is, when a genius, what a humanitarian. But as soon as he turns away, they cross their eyes in disgust or stick out their tongues at him or pick up a piece of furniture with which to hit him. It is supposed to be a very funny piece of videotape that Lorne will use to introduce "guests" when he hosts *Saturday Night Live*, his 19th-anniversary show which is broadcast live from New York.

Only if he's funny. Lorne manages to chuckle indifferently at the tape actors removing the Ben Franklin glasses nudging them against his chin. But the *Saturday Night Live* gang, the writers, and a couple of performers standing and spinning around the set all shifty-eyed and modest-eyed, are almost lost in their silence. Lorne Michaels, the 31-year-old Canadian who created and now produces *Saturday Night Live* is usually beside *Live*. His face is grim. How do you tell Norman Lorne that this is *Saturday Night* not some dumb *Dan Martin* coast where the stars drive down from Bel Air in three Porsches in order for each other? *Saturday Night* is supposed to be unpredictable, raucous, straight-to-the-joke surreal. It is not supposed to be Norman Lorne making bad

jokes with his employees. By the time the tape ends, the room is drum-tight with tension. No one says anything. Finally Michaels speaks up. "Well, I'm just worried about the ending of the show with this much tape."

The benevolent smile reaches even farther across Norman Lorne's face. He can read the bookie machine on the floor of the *Saturday Night* production staff, now gathered around Michaels. The last time anyone told Norman Lorne something wasn't funny, he went out and quit. And Mary McCormack, Mary McCormack to anyone across the country, earning a phenomenon even greater than *Saturday Night Live*. He is not about to be told what is or is not funny by a young upstart producer. The smile forces the laugh lines around Lorne's red-rimmed eyes into deep furrows. "Look," he says in his baritone, gentle-but-voice. "I can't not have this on the show. These people have given me their lives."

"I understand that," Michaels says. Around him, his staff darts away usually, so if he has suddenly contracted a severe case of leprosy.

"I don't see the pain works," Lorne counters. "It's right and it's funny."

Michaels is still dubious, but he backs away. *Saturday Night* has made him the current wunderkind of television comedy, and his reports, unliking straight-up comedy, the impression he could bulldoze his way through anything. Even Lorne acknowledges that "Lorne was probably born congenitally secure," he says later. Still, wonderlands do not lock horns with kung fu. Not any more one day away from the seventh show of the second season when there are bigger problems to be solved.

On the surface *Saturday Night* would appear to have no problems at all. Last year it quickly became the only hit in a season that saw the network fall phenomenally to third place, behind CBS and ABC which jumped into first place thanks to the aggressiveness of its new entertainment president, Fred Silverman. Not since William S. Paley of networked NBC went away from NBC back in the radio days had the network experienced a more wrenching loss of confidence. Each morning NBC co-

sciences dogged themselves from sleek times in front of the cramped auditorium at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, wondering whether this was the day they would get the axe. Perhaps they remembered their original response to Lorne Michaels, and their faces grew even more pained.

When Dick Ebersol, the new vice-president of last night programming, heard Michaels to produce an original *Saturday Night* comedy and variety series, then had back a lot of success around NBC. Who was this guy Michaels, anyway? Sure, he had won an Emmy for writing a *Lily Tomlin* special, but did that entitle him to walk around with that arrogant poker face of his demanding that they respect his office as a man of color and old perked plates? Something about creating an "atmosphere" for comedy. What's more, the network was giving him six months to develop the show, then allowing it to go on the air without a pilot, with no regular look and with a cast of unknowns. Unheard of. Their attitude toward Michaels changed, of course, after the show won four Emmys, and the Not Yet Ready For Prime Time Player, Chevy Chase's parables, and Weekend Update's often bomb-throwing vignettes (in a report on the Christmas Lottery [irrelevant] Ski Meet contestants went accidentally shot as they skied down the slopes) had become topics of house-hold conversation.

Initially, the show attracted high school and college kids, then journalists who descended in droves. Michaels estimates that 300 to 350 actors have written about *Saturday Night Live*. So intense was the public reaction that when the show started its second season in September an audience of 12 million tuned in. By this time it had attracted as many as critics, not the least of them Johnny Carson, who regards last night television as his fiefdom and does not welcome squatters, particularly when they are getting an audience on a par with his own. "I've seen some very clever things on the show," Carson says, "and they have some very bright people. But basically they do a lot of drug jokes, a lot of what I would consider sophomoric humor, and a lot of

Michaels (left) with Chase: If the show made Chevy, maybe he made the show



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the floor of Studio 8-B, where Scooby Doo and Gusty MacKenzie once performed *Your Hit Parade*; technicians are already laughing along with the tributes.

Michael watches the rehearsal for a moment, then crosses the door to where Lisa, John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd and Corinna Mayne, the only black member of the Not Ready For Prime Time Players, are rehearsing the Kuwanger sketch. Lisa, playing a deputy to Belushi's very adroit Kuwanger, suggests that he kiss Belushi's hand as he crosses the set. Michael's smile is the first Michael has seen since the idea started, he wants Belushi standing on a chair during the singing to heighten the scene's comic possibilities.

Later, he dashes into the control room of the studio, rows of consoles facing three banks of television monitors, production assistants working over clipboards. He takes and sleepily confirms a large woman her single chair adorned with a huge polka-dot bow. She stares obliviously at him from behind heavily framed glasses. The woman has been assigned to the show by NBC standards and practices. In other words, she is the censor. She has recently received word from her superiors upstairs that some of the dialogue in the January Carter sketch must be toned down. "Well, that's just no way to go on with the show; this is the sort of thing that is going to be cut," Michael tells her. "I mean with Norman Lear here and everything. This is no more or no less offensive than anything else we've done here." The woman nods slightly, says nothing. "I mean," Michael continues, "we've been consistently cut back for the last eight shows. We're getting blood. My staff tells me that." The woman is unimpressed. She will see what can be done.

Michael hurries out of the control room, a slight dithering figure in trousers and jeans, apparently conscious of a jolt of material wear which he catches with his hand. His broad face is wrinkled, seldom smiling. There is a dawning Dave Wilson wrinkle, sensible, his belly spilling out over the waistline of double-knit slacks. But you have only to be around the studio for a few hours to know that if a Michael wheezily dashes the show Wilson is left to tell the camera about during the skit. "Look! I once had lots of clots, lots of organizational slacks," says Nancy Oliver who once used as his production assistant. Everyone says the same thing about him: not a great comic performer or even a great comic writer, but a guy who can spot the talent, bring it together, and provide the complete in which it can work.

To television you usually owe the pilot for a show; then you owe 26 or 28 of it. But I don't want to do that with *Saturday Night*," he says. "This show is off-the-wall, it's supposed to be like *Off Broadway*." Yet *Saturday Night* is not so much a demonstration of originality as it is a tribute to Michael's ability to organize and bring to television for the first time various comic talents—Chicago's Second City, Mad



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regions, National Lampoon (where Chase and several of the show's writers once worked) *Laugh In* (where Michaels edited briefly as a writer). He also drew on his experience at the CBC, where satirical comedy had been tried for years with varying degrees of success. "People ask me where the major influence for this show comes from: well, I think its influence is Canadian," says Chevy Chase.

Michaels imported his wit with him from Canada, as well as performers. Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner and his cousin, Neil Levy, who is the producer's assistant. He hired Howard Stern, formerly a disc jockey with the rock group Lighter Shade of Blue, to host the show, and another Canadian, Paul Shaffer, to write musical material. The Canadians provided him with a code of loyalty which has spread—it is impossible to find anyone around *Saturday Night* who speaks ill of him. But, more important, they provided him with a strong sense of community, something he has always needed.

Michaels grew up in Lorne Lepore's in the solidly prosperous Forest Hill section of Toronto. His father died when he was young, and he was left with a mother who was a bit smothering. A production meeting at the CBC is still remembered as the occasion on which Mrs. Lepore spotted her son peering at a shiny cigarette case leaning across the table, and in the middle of everything interrupted with the stern admonition: "Don't smoke, don't put the things!"

The community he experienced in Forest Hill had overcome those backyard musicals Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney used to star in at school. The kids were always putting on a show at Forest Hill College, and when they weren't they are up-rehearsal shows like *Sgt. Bilko*, *The Jack Benny Program*, and *The Money-Go-Go Show*. When he was 16, Michaels-Lepore met 14-year-old Rose Shuster. They became a Jewish Mickey and Judy. Rose's father was Frank Shuster, the famous comedian and he talked to Lorne a lot about comedy. "He was an enormous influence," Michaels remembers. "He taught me more than anyone else. I loved his sense of understatement."

The musical comedy continued at the University of Toronto, where Lorne appeared in the U.T. Follies, the annual revue that year before he'd brought Wayne and Shuster together. At university Lorne met a law student, Bart Rosenzweig, who was three years older, and the two began writing together. Then Lorne spent a year in Europe while Bart worked as a hotel desk clerk, making their dates at night with the hotel's manager, Jerome Greenberg, who wanted to be a television producer. By the time Lorne got back to Toronto, he had decided against law school, which was fine because he and Bart were beginning to sell material to comedienne Joan Rivers, and then to Woody Allen. "Woody was great



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but it was a completely false experience for us because the money was always there in advance," Lorne says. "We thought that was what it was all about."

This misadventure comically began to go sour. In 1968, Benno Ouschan, who by that time had become a television producer, asked them to write for the *Phyllis Diller* show. Therein followed by a stint as junior writers at *Laugh-In*. It was a taste of being ready to perform comedy, watching their material being completely rewritten. "By the time it hit the air we barely recognized a line."

In 1968, they escaped back to Canada, intending to become the Great Canadian Comedy Stars. Single CBC television special later, they realized it was not going to happen. "We thought we could be the first generation of Canadian artists who stayed at home," Michaels says, "but the CBC thought we were too white, too hip. In 1970 we couldn't get approval for a show featuring Robby Robertson and Joni Mitchell because nobody in the programming department had heard of them."

Lorne had married Rosemary in 1967, but at his time in the CBC seemed as if they were lighting and tap dancing constantly. Lorne and Hart always professionally jealous of each other and never close personal friends anyway, went on getting along, either. Finally, Lorne left both Rose and Hart in Toronto and went back to Los Angeles to write a series of



Michael (right) with Peter (left) once they were alone; now they don't speak

books and sketches. He ended up at the Chateau Marmont, an aging white elephant of a hotel that from one Sunset Boulevard, and proceeded to endure "the worst night weeks of my life. I just bottomed out." He did not recover until he met comedian Lily Tomlin, who named his career around in 1972 when she asked him to write a special for her. The result was his on-liney and is hence to pro-

ducer Tomlin's also reveal, a show for comedian Richard Pryor and Flip Wilson.

He was about to go to Paramount in 1974 to write a screenplay about a teenager who takes the telephone company for millions of dollars when he offered him a chance to develop *Saturday Night*. "I suddenly realized I loved television," he says. "I know everyone is supposed to hate it. Everyone wants to make money. But I love television. Besides, movies have a way of getting a little too serious and pompous." He has not spoken to Hart since then for three years, and Michaels saw a lawyer who has little to do with show business but barely speak of him.

Despite a salary that exceeds \$100,000 a year, Michaels declares to love occasionally. He recently moved into a loft apartment in New York's newly-born SoHo area—without Rose. They remain friendly, the rift seems far from the show, but they are again separated. "No relationship can withstand the kind of demands this show makes," he says. "But things have a way of coming back and reuniting themselves. Right now, I've made a commitment to live with this thing." And as if to demonstrate the point, he works until two o'clock Saturday morning, editing tape, rewriting the script. Then he allows that through the exhaustion, he goes home to his loft for the eight hours of sleep he focuses on himself with right. If he has any idea what will happen when the show goes



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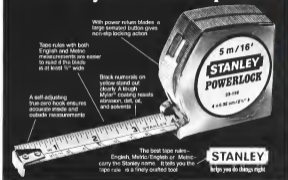
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To see the show right, he doesn't stop it.

Those kids, dressed with an awareness of the fact that it's far beyond their years, have waited six or seven months to get to the nerve-chucking stage, and in the gallery above the studio. The two women who watch over them like prison wardens can remember a time when they would've given every inch to *Saturday Night* out along South Avenue. Now, all tickets for the show have been allocated until January. This isn't even the real thing: those kids are waiting, just the seven-thirty run-through that precedes the live show at eleven-thirty. Even so, they are tense with the excitement of being here where *Saturday Night* happens. They love the lights, and the speed with which the guy, holding cameras over his head, nudging against them to get a shot of the stage. The performers busy across the studio, stepping nimbly to smile vaguely at the audience, and the kids call out their names as if they are old personal friends. You can see it mirrored in the postcard pictures of their faces, a desperation not just to witness the show but to be part of it.

Which is why, a few minutes later as *Saturday Night* begins to unfold, their faces begin to fall near the stage, dumb expressions of people who have just witnessed a bad car accident. This is not an experience to be shared, but one to be forgotten. The faces remaining around in the back of Lower Michaels' head all week—the new source, or confusion, Chevy's absence—have all come together in what is clearly a nasty show.

Predictably, the Norman Lear type does not miss a step. More surprisingly, the *Snake* Hamilton routine, which everyone thought would be a bit of a disaster in mind alone. So it is a relief to see Chevy Michaels walking back to his husband's backdoor. The musical tribute to Chevy doesn't work because no one can make out the lyrics. During the Kasey Carter sketch, the *Saturday Night* staff, dressed with Michaels at the rest of the studio, inside into everyone's laughter and attempts to encourage the audience. The play fails. Their laughter sounds forced and hollow. The Jimmy Carter sketch is performed well by Adair, but much of its impact is lost to the demands of the censor. Lear doesn't seem a likable boss, but he just isn't funny. The show ends with him calling a girl from the audience onto the stage to do a joke. The girl runs out to be his daughter. It is something right out of Carol Burnett or a bad joke, the sort of thing, *Saturday Night* would have avoided because "Lear," a producer, contrasted once "this is a chamber, it's not really this bad."

Lear Michaels, as impressive as ever, watches the show and sees it all for the record. Despite two hours of frenetic rewriting. Later, he says quickly to a party hosted by Norman Lear: "After a bad night," he says, "we got a little darker than usual." It is one of these nights.

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The welcome wagon

The Foreign Investment Review Agency was supposed to call a halt to the selling of the country. Instead it has become one of the better salesmen

"As no time in our history have we had a better opportunity than we have now to build a distinctive Canada... It is a question of *pari passu* will, no more, no less. The Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) is an important part in expressing that political will. The *land of Canada* we want to build must be more than a mere appendage of foreign corporate giant south of the border and resource-hungry multinational firms of other industrialized countries."—Altaf Ali Gilgole, then minister of industry, trade and commerce speaking to the House of Commons on November 28, 1973, during debates on FIRA.

What a difference three years can make. Altaf Ali Gilgole is now energy minister.



The Canada we want to build must be more than an appendage of foreign corporate giants'

Altaf Ali Gilgole
1973

and his brave words have been all but forgotten in the government's attempt to deterrence Canada... Today FIRA and, indeed, the whole concept of economic nationalism, are under assault. Last month, in his first speech as the new Minister of Industry, Trade, and Commerce, Jean Chretien told a group of businessmen in Toronto that Canada wants all the foreign investment it can get. "For a country like Canada, lacking the resources to develop the know-how and the technology it needs in all of its industrial sectors," he said. "A concentrated flow of direct investment from abroad is an essential condition of continued economic progress."

When the Liberal government, under pressure from the vote, was clapped looking and accepting into the creation of the Foreign Investment Review Agency during the 1973-74 meeting parliament, it seemed finally to have resolved its inner conflict. After a decade before by nationalist guru Walter Gordon, over the issue of foreign control of the economy. Now the government, faced with a business community backlash against FIRA, appears ready to turn a blind eye to foreign investment and to use FIRA as a funnel, not a screen, for new foreign money. "A welcome wagon," says Sir Stuart Leggat, C.M.

FIRA was designed to block the take-over of Canadian companies or the establishment of new businesses by foreigners unless they offered some "public benefit" to Canada in the process (as accompanying note). The concept conceived in the 1972 "Gory report" on foreign investment, which in turn flowed out of the 1968 "Wilson report," whose origin can be traced to the "Gordon report" of 1957. Despite this long history, civil servants up to and including Prime Minister Jean Chretien (Pitt Rivers) are beginning to question the value of FIRA and are conducting a critical review of the agency. In the cabinet, members who opposed FIRA in the first place and only agreed to its formation under pressure from the vote are now seeing the opportunity to do the agency in.

Outside the government, nationalists



There are a lot of places in Canada where people don't give a damn who owns what'

Jean Chretien
1976

such as Edmonton publisher Mel Herzig, co-founder of the Committee for an Independent Canada, say FIRA may be doing more harm than good by creating an illusion of protection from foreign control without providing the controls. But commentators such as Conservative leader Joe Clark are critical of the role played in processing investment decisions through FIRA. Clark told an audience of French businessmen in Paris recently that if the word of Jean Prime Minister he would keep FIRA, but only to "channel" foreign investment, not to block it. The prime minister, who never liked FIRA in the first place, has also been talking about eff-

How outsiders get to own a piece of Canada

The inner workings of the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) have been shrouded in secrecy since a began operation on April 9, 1974. The agency deals daily with investment proposals involving millions of dollars and perhaps thousands of jobs, but the public is left out of the process until the final result is announced. Even then only the bare minimum of information is released. Here's how FIRA works.

A foreign investor or, in FIRA jargon, a non-resident person ("investor"), decides he wants to take over an existing Canadian business or establish a new business. With his written application in hand, FIRA invites the investor to a meeting at its offices in Ottawa. There, three or four non-official officers* sit down at a table to bargain with the investor and the cabinet member.

In the case of a take-over, a representative of the company selling out may also be present. They discuss the "significant benefits" the foreign investor has to offer Canada. The benefits fall into five categories specified out in the legislation that established FIRA: more jobs, new technology, more competition, more Canadian participation (in cases where the company being sold is already foreign-owned) and compatibility with national economic objectives. The delegates are impossible to quantify in any meaningful way, and the judgment as to whether the foreign investor is offering significant benefits is left to the discretion of the take-over committee.

After the meeting (if it is a major proposal, there may be several meetings), the assessment officers return to write their report. Under the law they must also consult the appropriate provincial government. Their report, with accompanying recommendations, is then passed on to Jean Howarth, the agency's chief. He, in turn, passes the report and recommendation on to the Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce. Only rarely, perhaps in two cases out of every 100, does the minister send the report back for a second look. Normally, he passes on a condensed, three-page version to the full cabinet for a

final decision. It is even then rare that cabinet members in this matter issue a recommendation. (One such case was the proposed take-over of Westinghouse Canada earlier this year by White Consolidated Industries of Cleveland. Don Jamieson, then minister of industry, trade and commerce, reportedly recommended approval of the take-over, but the cabinet rejected it.)

After the cabinet makes a decision, a press release is issued. The first public acknowledgment that a foreign investment proposal is being considered is in the case of a rejection, no outcome or given for cabinet's decision. Where the proposal is approved, the public is told that more new technology, more competition, etc., will result, but the details are withheld.

The whole process averages 120 days, a source of delay for the investors. The law actually sets a time limit of 60 days, but there is a loophole that allows the investor to delay indefinitely simply by asking the investor for more information. When this loophole is invoked, as it frequently is, the agency uses the expression "the clock has stopped." But apart from the time consumed in the process, investors have few objections about FIRA. Even those who have had their proposals rejected praise the 120-man staff at the agency as highly competent and professional.

The review process has spawned a whole subculture of lawyers, accountants and financial experts who have become a cancer out of handling the cases for clients. A lawyer can get \$10,000 to \$15,000 in fees on an average case and up to \$50,000 on one of the bigger cases. Various techniques have been worked out to bribe the system. One is to promise no significant benefits in the form of land or before the bargaining session with the agency. Then, during the session itself, a trump card is dropped, such as a promise of a new laboratory. Another is to delay the province where the investment is to take place in the hope that the provincial government will in turn put pressure on FIRA. In any case, the lawyers and other advisers appear to be earning their keep. The high tide of approval of foreign investment proposals, significantly, not one investor who has been rejected on a proposal has been turned down a second time with a different proposal in hand.

Two subjects about FIRA keep Howard Howarth, head of a Montreal law firm, the speculation in processing FIRA cases for a while. "I don't think there's anything wrong with FIRA except that it shouldn't exist."

Confronted with a barrage of such criticisms, FIRA has endeavored to keep a low profile. The feeling at the agency is that now is not the time to rock the boat. Pro-

motion of public awareness of the problems of foreign investment, one of the functions for which it was created, has been all but abandoned in favor of the smooth processing of take-over and new business proposals. The agency has repeatedly approved of the vast majority of foreign investment proposals that have come before it since 1974. It even backed the take-over of Westinghouse Canada, a United States appliance division by White Consolidated Industries Inc. of Cleveland. The cabinet, which reserves the final say, eventually turned down the take-over under extraordinary public pressure.

The agency's change in attitude is partly due to its leadership which has shifted in the last year from Richard Marley, a businessman and nationalist, to Gene Howarth, a low-key, non-ideological bureaucrat. While Marley made no-



'We'll show potential investors that it's not difficult to get past FIRA's rules'

Gene Howarth
1976

household speeches, Howarth has kept the agency out of the press. Staff members joke that Howarth is so insecure that they once considered giving him nothing for a Christmas present so he wouldn't have to tell anyone what it was.

But the agency's performance is more a reflection of the views of the Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce to whom it is responsible than of its own thinking, and there are no measures to restrict that. It has been significant that Gilgole, a nationalist and former member of the Committee for an Independent Canada, was

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I'd keep FIRA, but
only to channel
foreign investment,
not to block it

Joe Clark
1976

the first. He was replaced last year by Don Jamieson, an advocate of better Canada-U.S. relations. Said Jamieson in a speech last May to American businessmen in Dallas: "All my life I have had a love affair with the United States." Under Jamieson, only 17 of 127 foreign take-over bids were disallowed. And now there is Chretien, a protégé of Michael Stopp, Gordon's old nemesis and Liberal Party contender. Chretien: "I've never been the greatest nationalist type of guy." He adds: "I've seen back home in Quebec a lot of good things coming on the scene of businessmen people using the flag for their own interests. I've always looked behind the flag a little bit to see what is the sound interest."

He says the high level of foreign investment already in Canada is of as particular concern to him or to his constituents in Sherbrooke, Que. "There are a lot of places in Canada where people don't give a damn who owns what. They want a job." During his first three weeks in his new portfolio, Chretien approved 24 of 25 foreign investment proposals to come before him.

Chretien's approach seems to run counter to the Foreign Investment Review Act, which states in its preamble that the degree of foreign control of the Canadian economy is already "a matter of substantial concern." But he is mainly echoing the concerns of the business community, which views FIRA as one more example of

unnecessary government intervention in the economy. Many business spokesmen also accuse FIRA of contributing to what they are in a full-on foreign investment in Canada, despite the high proportion of investments it has approved. They point to balance-of-payment statistics that show only \$50 million in net foreign direct investment flowed into Canada in the first six months of this year, less than 12% of the amount for the corresponding period last year. But these figures are almost meaningless because they do not show the amount of money reinvested in Canada by foreign-owned firms already based here and using their profits for reinvestment, such funds account for more than 70% of the foreign investment in Canada each year. Foreign investment continues to grow in Canada at the rate of three billion dollars a year and now stands at more than \$40 billion, a tenfold increase since 1950.

But the night that ink is scrawling away, foreign investment does hard. Says Michael Pithfield, president of the brokerage firm Pithfield, Mackay, Ross and brother of Michael Pithfield: "It's a endorsement to do far more than this country can afford to do. It's far too large and all-inclusive. We're hard up for foreign investment and we're pushing it away." But Pithfield's viewpoint may be colored by the fact that he was financial adviser to White Consolidated Industries, whose bid to take over Westinghouse Canada has been one of the few major foreign investment proposals



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formed down by the government, told Mr. Herb Gray, whose 1972 report led to the creation of FIRA, says that now is the time to be especially wary of foreign investment. August Gray: "It is vital that concerns over the economy does not stand in the way of federal authorities in accepting foreign investment projects on terms which Canadians, generally, would later regret is not being to the best long-term interests of the country and the region most directly concerned."

Canada is caught in a vicious circle. The country's trade deficit has resulted in the export of vast amounts of capital to pay for the goods purchased abroad. But the imported capital has helped push up the value of the Canadian dollar, making Canadian exports more expensive and worsening the trade deficit. In addition, if the



"FIRA has demonstrated that the process of screening foreign investment is practical"

Herb Gray
1976

imported capital is in the form of "direct investment"—ownership of Canadian businesses—the trade deficit could be increased even further because British plants of foreign firms are likely to sell only in Canada, says abroad. "I believe the government must ensure that, if this [trade] deficit is to be offset through increasing the inflow of capital rather than through increases in exports, the result is not a further increase in the degree of permanent foreign control of our economy," says Herb Gray.

Who is the debate over FIRA raging inside Canada: there has been can only hold out once abroad. After a casual quote of pro-

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"If all foreign firms, U.S. included, are treated alike, review is not an issue for us"

Thomas Enders
1979

test from both the United States and Europe, foreign investors seem to have been reassured by the small number of investments FIRA has actually blocked. There is also growing acceptance of the concept of foreign investments as a philosophical belief, at least and more countries contemplate FIRA-type powers. At last count, there were 39 bills before the U.S. Congress aimed at curbing foreign investments. Says Thomas Enders, U.S. ambassador to Canada: "We recognize Canada's desire to review the new establishments of foreign firms against criteria of national benefit. Provided all foreign firms, U.S. and others, are treated alike, that review process is not an issue between us." But it is the Canadian financial community, far more than investors abroad, to whom FIRA's restrictions still or imagined, are onerous. "For every take-over, there is a genuine Canadian take-over," said former FIRA head Richard Murray in a speech last year. "People who really are doing to tell their boss means naturally want to get the highest price. And it is unfortunate that the Canadian public thinks that the Americans come in and grab businesses. Of course, it is a balanced offer."

The business community may view FIRA as an unfair intrusion into the marketplace, but nationalist critics view it as too little too late. They point to the high level of foreign ownership that already exists in Canada, the highest level per capita of

FIRA's box score: always room for a stranger...

Take-overs

Side	Allowed	Disallowed	Withdrawn
110	225	44	43

New businesses

Proposed	Allowed	Disallowed	Withdrawn
84	40	3	2

Figures as of October 1, 1978

... especially an American

Take-overs

U.S.: 84%

U.K.: 14%

Rest of Europe: 17%

Rest of the world: 8%

New Businesses

U.S.: 43%

U.K.: 10%

Rest of Europe: 30%

Rest of the world: 13%



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any country in the world, and intent that it has no effect on that issue. It can only slow down the rate of increase. However, risk defenders such as Herb Gray argue that the agency was never intended to do more. Gray calls it a "strategic defense" and that the process of screening foreign investment is "practical," he says. "It isn't beyond down of its own accord, it's no many federal agencies do. Now we have a workable one that we can build on." Gray does not say it is without flaws. He and other critics suggest the following improvements:

• Disclosure of the undertakings of "significant interest" to Canada made by foreign investors whose proposals are approved by it. The undertakings are kept secret now beyond a rudimentary press release. Ask the North Atlantic "What would be an undertaking made in secret?"



For every take-over
there is a genuine
Canadian seller-outlet.
It's a balanced affair

Richard Murray
1975

• Protection of "intellectual property" such as trade marks and patents in the list of assets subject to screening by it, when taken over by foreign interests. As the law now stands, when Consolidated Industries they get to use Weston's trade name in Canada even though Weston's takeover of Weston's was turned down by the government.

• Lowering of the restrictions against the government playing a "broker's role" in a takeover situation so that the govern-

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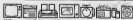
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ment may search for an alternate Canadian buyer. The government made such an attempt in the White-Westinghouse case but finally decided against intervening beyond dissolving the take-over.

A Extension of Pita's mandate to cover the expansion of existing foreign-owned businesses in Canada as well as the establishment of new businesses. Such expansion is estimated to account for 10% of the foreign investment in Canada.

But the government's review of Pita, the results of which should be made public within six months, is more likely to recommend additional restrictions on the agency. Chretien, in his speech last month, talked only of reducing the length of time it takes to process a foreign-government proposal through Pita. He noted, he said, is "new form-filing and more action."



"It creates an illusion of protection from foreign control without providing the reality"

Mel Hurtig
1978

As a popular issue economic nationalism seems to have gone the way of ecology, unemployment, civil rights and housing. The September annual meeting of the Committee for an Independent Canada in Luxembourg, Nova Scotia, for example, attracted just 68 people. Mel Hurtig attributes this to frustration over lack of progress rather than to a full-on retreat. But whatever the reason, the pressure is off in Ottawa and Hurtig concedes, "the nationalist movement is in trouble." If nationalists in the United States, France, or Italy, is in deep peril.

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Day of the gopher

For Arcola, Saskatchewan, 'Who Has Seen The Wind' is the best thing that's happened since the 26-bed hospital

By David Cobb



Two aging men are sitting inside Ed Hanna's garage on Main Street, Arcola, Saskatchewan, as they have done many times before and will do many times again. "It's been a hellava summer," says one. "Oh yes," says the second, "won't see another one like this for a time." A pause, while this is digested, is the measured response of two prairie lives. "No," the second one picks up, "won't see many of this kind of summer." "Nope," says his friend with finality, the cause of the debate coming clear. "Don't get this kind of summer too often, and that's a fact."

Outside an early fall wind whips up the dusty gravel and blows it in myriad spirals down the street, reminding Ed Hanna of the summer days in the Thirties when he couldn't see across the street for dust, and grainhoops darkened the sun. "The dust drifts everywhere," Sinclair Ross wrote in *As For Me And My House*, an account of small-town Saskatchewan life in the Depression. "It is in the third, the hideclothes, a film on the book you're reading before you can turn the page. In the morning it's half an inch deep on the windowsills. Half an inch again by noon. Half an inch again by evening. Sky and earth are just a blur. You can scarcely see the elevators at the end of town."

Only now the dust, though real enough, is temporary. Arcola (population 539 at the last census) has had an oil-treated Main Street for two years; the dusty top has been laid in at two dollars a cubic yard, by *Southern River Films* as part of its design to transport the town back 40-odd years for the film version of W. G. Sebald's novel *Who Has Seen The Wind*. The people of Arcola bear the wind and the dust with a kind of blasé satisfaction. As far as they're concerned, the film people can do no wrong. They've treated Arcola well; they've put up a few false fronts to hide Habitat Seventeen anachronisms, painted "Maebert Café" on the deserted Chinese eatery once owned by Wong Dong and his

Seamus as Arlin (left) holding one of the sacrificial gophers, and four of the film's principals (facing page), Pinson and Paterson as O'Connell père and the late actress, director King (lower left) and Lattimer as the first picture show



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brother Happy Doug, will generally go out of their way to blend in, as far as city people are. Already, half-way through shooting, the film is attracting visitors, and before Arnold had started only to Accolais. Best of all, the making of the film in and around their little community has given them a large fat pile over their neighbors 10 miles east in Carleton, a town they hate with passionate animosity. "If we built a two-hole outhouse," observes Calvin Ingram, a retired farmer helping out on the Accolais homestead, "Carleton would be visiting a four-hole outhouse."

What bugs Accolais most is the new knowledge of its own decline: a sense of cosmic horror is that in a matter of days playing through its 10 minutes' novel that so many have built they worked. God or the politicians were there to render their last efforts futile. In 1910, when Ed Hanna came to live in Accolais as a teen-ager, the town had a population of 1,250, about double Carleton's. Today the picture is reversed. True, Accolais has the proud 26-bed hospital for the region where 80 years ago its first doctor was a notorious drunk who inspired extraordinary loyalty among the locals: one of whom remarked that he "would rather have Dr. Watson drunk than any other doctor sober." But steady Accolais' history is the last half-century has been one of decay: the brickyard folded; the flour mill closed; the courthouse and the local sales office were taken away; rail passenger service stopped for ever on October 25, 1959—and all the while bated Carleton, sitting snug on the porch of two big houses and two minors, waited while Accolais waited. "The hospital and the mine are the new things we have over Carleton," says Hanna, "and the buggers are trying to get Regina to take the hospital away from us." Across the street Cal Ingram points toward the hardware store masquerading as the Royal Hotel, one of the Yellow Bunch for its name. "This place'll never die," he says, "so long as there's a Carleton. We'll fight to the bitter end; it gives us something to do."

They call it next-year country, and it's a fair metaphor for the film too. Allan King, the director and producer, made his name in documentaries (*Running away Backwards*, *Warrensday*, *A Married Couple*), but his last documentary—*Come On Children*, an examination of why the optimistic glow of the Sixties had burned out—has never been released. In 1972, the year he completed the film, his film declared bankruptcy. "It was a very low period of my life," he says. Since then he has directed dramas for CBC-TV—among them *Red Emma*, *Last Of The Four Letter Words* and *A Bird In The House*, which won four Canadian film awards last year including best TV film and best screenplay (by his wife Pat Watson). But *Who Has Seen The Wind* is his first feature film, and the pressures on him must be fierce. "The most remarkable thing about Allan is his courage," says Stan Fox, who has known King since their high-

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school days in Vancouver and is now chairman of the film department at York University, Toronto. "He's survived bankruptcy, though he'd lost everything he'd built up in all those years. In mid-1970s he'd lost his right arm on building but he's lost, now a heavy hand producer and it's damn hard—almost impossible to find some kind of track to know what I mean? And now here he is, directing a million-dollar feature."

The wonder is that *Who Was She The Wind* has been made at all before shooting began; the production was swathed with doubts and disquisitions at the top; it is only King's commitment and single-mindedness that have pulled it through. Mitchell's book posed certain difficulties as a source property, since the story of the young boyhood of Bruce Campbell—similar in many respects to that of Mitchell, who was born in Weyburn, 63 miles west of Assiniboia—covers half a dozen years and all the seasons. To convey it all in a movie would pose problems in casting and filming and would be prohibitively expensive. This was at least part of the reason why the cnc, which had been ignoring the book for 10 years, had done nothing about it. In 1973 the cnc dropped its option, and King picked it up. For a time it looked as if he, the cnc and the Canadian Film Development Corporation would make not only a TV series from the book but a feature film as well. But Watson writing all the scripts. But the plan ran aground early in 1975 on the shoals of money—a budget of at least \$15 million—and the cnc pulled out. King got the show back on the rails last fall as a \$300,000 feature—with \$180,000 from the province of Saskatchewan, \$100,000 from the cnc, \$100,000 from Famous Players Limited, \$50,000 from private investors and F. R. (Budgie) Crawley, producer of *Juno and The Mac* and *Shed Zone*, as executive producer (or budgetary devil).

Crawley says now that he had reservations from the start that Mitchell's book was not focused enough for a film work-

—"and Pat Watson's screenplay did not change my point of view." In May, barely two months away from the start of shooting, Crawley flew to Calgary to ask Mitchell to do a rewrite. Says Mitchell: "I wasn't happy with Pat's screenplay and I wrote a 240-page treatment. But Alan performed to see his wife's, Allen in the house, after all." Neither King nor Watson likes talking about the episode, though King does say that Mitchell was involved from the very start, when it was still mainly a television project. "He liked all the scripts," King insists, "and he liked the first draft of the feature. He was upset because we'd compressed nine into one summer and lost his cycle of the seasons. That was a budgetary concern, to have made the film he may well have come fully to the money."

June 16 was the date when the completion guarantee—which would have obliged executive producer Crawley to produce up to \$200,000 if the movie ran over budget—had to be signed with the cnc. King went to the cnc's offices in Toronto. Crawley did not finish he reached King there by phone. He said he was sorry, Allen, but he was going to withdraw from the film, and it was best for him to leave than to stay later. A shocked King replied, with some nervousness: "I don't see any appealing sense of making." Says Crawley now: "There's nothing I'd like better than for the film to be a great bloody success. But I did not want to be connected with a film that would be a commercial failure."

King quickly bounced back off the topic—after all, *Who Was She The Wind* is his movie property. W. G. Mitchell being paid \$11,000 for the rights, plus a percentage—and with the help of cnc executive director Michael Sawchuk he signed Pierre Lacroix, the prolific Quebec producer, to fill Crawley's vacancy. Lacroix, who has an enviable record of advancing his films as budget, went to Assiniboia fresh from produc-

Ferrer and Jaron on The Bee and Young Bear: once a fading star in insurance



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Fill with club
soda and stir
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[illegible]

The people who live in the gentle hills of southeast Saskatchewan, in and around the long ridge known as Moose Mountain, are fiercely proud of their part of the world. Almost anyone might like to live in

it for a time, but they can't antagonize her anywhere else. Mudge McCullough, wife of Ed McCullough (a former and a CCFer in the Forties and Fifties, now the sea bass czar for the last time: "And it was mushrooms and oysters," she says).

But the discovery path you took to the location, it stretches you. And farmers are not different breed of cat—you own a little piece of land and you're going to take care of it," Mrs. McCullough is having a copy of *When Men Sown The Wind* autographed by the artist and tree, after will give the book to the artist. "I'm not a farmer," she says. "Mrs. McCullough tells the story of Captain Pierce who in the 1830s founded Canaan, too. But as an entry in a college for wealthy English neophytes, it is founded in 1960 when the city can track 10 miles north. "Not your usual agricultural college," she says. "They imported some horses, played polo," made to horses. To the people who were here before them, and they didn't understand the price." Mrs. McCullough plants daisies 40 years ago

Wanker as Forster, Ruse and Pabsthead

was the snowblower during the worst of the winter this past storm, and was paid \$1,000 for his time, \$800 for the second, and \$1,200 for the third day. She has not worked on this day. "That was Depression" she says, "but we never minded. You have to depend on your own hard labor, and then God. Thank you, Jesus." New-year came. "I was showing intention this day to be a nurse just down the road from the McCalloughs three years ago, before she was married. Midge McCallough used to step out with one of the owner's sons. The house is boarded up now and decaying. In December, it represents history neglected, new-year denied."

One of my favorite plays of the Thirties was *My Aunt Jennifer* by Joseph. They lived by the railroad and he had a large vegetable garden while you were hanging out waiting for a train to dry. A gopher hunt is a key scene in *Who Was the Wind* but these days, thanks to four decades of poisonous shooting, digging and overirrigating, the gophers are not what they were. A bunch of them were needed for the gopher hunt, and who better to recruit up a few than old Dr. Kenny, a local 11-year-old who approached "Well," "he said. His grand-nieces, Myrtle McMillan, was clumsy and volunteered. "No way would Kenny have had the guts," she later played. "No



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kind do these days?" So Mrs. McMillan went out and caught it. It took her a week. "Sometimes it'd be five minutes, sometimes an hour. One of them took longer. It was done there but there were no holes. I had two more [bag pieces of more with holes in the end of them], and each time I put them over two of the holes it would come up through one of the others. So I blocked off four of the holes with row machine and mended the two that were left. Sure I got here!" So Mrs. McMillan put her a dollar stake. "It doesn't seem much for a week's work, but you got the impression that Myrtle McMillan, averaging the hawk gophers wrenged in her vegetable garden during the Thirties, would have caught them for nothing. Besides, in the Thirties, the town paid her only three cents a rat."

Mrs. McMillan's gophers were turned over to Norman Edge, a Cockburn, Alberta, rancher who looks the part and does his at a stranger for movie production companies. A gopher in a cage looks undeniably cute, even pitiable, and Mrs. McMillan's 18 brought out the bleeding hearts among the viewers and crew. Edge, a brief quiet man who walks as if he's in the middle, would have no truck with such city-bred antics, and would occasionally sit a lookout on out of the corner of his mouth, the most bloodthirsty ways to kill them. Not that it was true, as far as it wasn't his job, or necessary.

The hunters in the scene were those, the movie's central character, his two young friends and Juggy the dog. The screenplay called for a gopher to be flushed out of his burrow, whereupon Juggy would seize it, one of Brian's buddies would retrieve it, then strap it to off by whirling it around and then bringing it—dead—back to the house. Not that there was any in the screenplay. In both the book and the film the incident is a lesson for Brian in the nature of life—a lesson taught by the Young Men, a well-known named adult boy who Brian hardly knows but who watches from the side lines. It was makes it and he's on Brian's buddy for his thoughtless cruelty. "And Brian," Mischel wrote, "ignores without any doubt his elaborate Art's suffering... was the film with a sense of the justice, the rightness, the completeness of what the Young Men had done—what he himself would like to have done."

Unfortunately film has to show what a writer merely describes. Throughout one long afternoon and one evening, King and his team went through at least eight gophers, some most of them didn't understand what King and Loterman expected of them. Either that or they understood too well. First, a small one, "I'm going to try trying to get out of the cage," Ed mumbled, spinning—was dragged across a desert gopher hole so that Juggy the dog would know where to run to when they studied a live one down. Down went the live one, Juggy caught it and it was saved just in



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time for re-use. Another was held just out of mostly range, so that Chris Waugh could record Jappy yabbing and subverting, eventually Jappy got him and killed him. But the real trouble was getting the poppers to perform properly getting out of the hole after the boys had poured water into it. Heaven, all they were asked to do was be half-dressed, bubble a bit for camouflage, surface, and make for the open prison—there to be punished by children, adults, and a dog, for re-use later. Unarmed as they were in the show business area, they'd come up all right, but they wouldn't run. Terror first class in their tracks. One did run, though, straight be-

tween Leitzman's legs. "Get out of there, ya little bugger," he said. He \$170,000, then, after tumbling on his shoulder. Another, after the second or third dunking, refused to come up at all and died. "Dumb fool popper," said a member of the crew. One of the trunks tumbling away. "I can't stand it," she said. In the background Norman Jagger grumbled noisily. "If people can't stand it, why do they watch?"

In the end Seamus River's idea probably got what they wanted, and on the screen it will all be over in 90 close-up seconds (or less), but it wasn't a good day-and-a-half for poppers. Not for Allan King. Twice he got lost with his young actors. "Shit," he

said later, looking like a beachcomber in search of a Somerset Maugham short story. "I hate daylike that. Assembly and so on. Put's always said that's obvious about the crazies there must be in those natural films. And here she's wasting one and I'm directing it. I know they're poets and I'm so unenthusiastic about it, but still."

Pat, so whom he has been married since 1970, not only wrote the screenplay but was also the movie's casting director. "It's so awful job, just awful. Imagine casting for *Brave*. You go through all these hundreds and thousands of kids, and you wonder if you've passed him, she, him, the poet of a million-dollar movie. I'd only have done it for Allan. In fact, I wouldn't do it for Allan again, either."

Because Ben is the poet, the movie is large part will stand or fall on Watson's choice. She went to 35 Regis schools in all, and her choice—born grade six at Denchworth school—was a future star, out of a redemptive film. She found him doing gym classes and later asked him if he had ever been and in the movie his father, played by Gordon Pinschoff, said: "Yes," he replied gleefully. "I don't like it when my cousin beats poppers and kills them peacefully." That certainly didn't hurt his chances, and to judge by only a few of the rushes that were screened nightly, her selection of Pinschoff may prove to have been inspired. Her choices for Ben's brothers were Christopher Ryan (already son of an assistant professor of musical theory at the University of Regina), and Billy Hunter (Forbes), son of a labourer at the Regina Exhibition Grounds, both 10 and also products of the Regis school system. For the Young Ben, the unfettered spirit of freedom, she cast a widener, Doug Jance, 13, was waiting with his mother at the Regis airport for his grandmother returning from Toronto when Watson, also arriving, caught sight of him. She asked Doug's mother if he could try out for the movie. "Well," said Mrs. Jance to her son, "what do you think?" Doug didn't know what he was talking about, but he soon learned. Once his audition was to be a pro hockey player, then he went to be an actor.

The choice of Jack Farrow (*Madha Raaga*, *Cyprus de Bergone*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *The Case of Mary*) to play Ben's wild-drinking father was not Pat Watson's but Famous Players'. They wanted an international name, and since they were a major studio in the movie they got one. King had hoped for an all-Canadian cast, because he thought it would be hard to integrate a foreigner into a production so specifically Canadian. Still, the elder Ben is a kind of a ramshackle old-man-on-a-hill, and Farrow, an actor given to overacting but not, turned out to fit the part well. One evening Brian Pinschoff, having had nothing to do all day, was called on to display ropes, time and again, for a late scene. It was not one of his best performances, and Farrow, knowing about it, such him made to explain the importance of re-



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lation, how it was impossible to stay up all the time without watching the actual process that, how he personally always slept or read between takes. For some days afterward—well after Ferrer had finished his career role and departed—Panchaud was to be found between takes in the production. Weiss kept asking.

Not everything went so smoothly. There was some friction—this being a distinctly Canadian film—between the francophone contingent (centering at one point on a production group around executive producer Pierre Lamy) and the anglophones, who were all the rest. Lamy was responsible for the production mishaps, having imported two chiefs from Quebec. The first produced food as well as in the words of one anglo: “that it had to be eaten to be ditched.” The second was the second-best better, but was the recipient of some early reviews, like *snide burps*, from the mouths of the first. Simple. “Why don’t you go back to France?” For their part the French contingent (Lamy included) mixed with no one but themselves and insisted meticulously to speak French to each other even when there were anglophones taking part in the cooperation. “You always think we’re talking about you when we talk in French,” a Quebecois production assistant remarked coolly and in lapsed English. “—and we are.”

But all this passed. What will remain is Allan King’s movie—clean and a handful of images that stick in the mind—of bringing a 1925 Model-T Ford anywhere an Acadia salesman waiting for a ride and hearing Alex Gervais, in 56-year-old overalls, explain that “they bodied all the time anyway, but I did Henry Ford and all his machines until ‘em, they lasted longer.” Of Ken MacKenzie, playwright and lecturer at the University of Regina (best known to W.O.’s, coming to watch the rather one night stand monologues that that very day he’d discovered that from 1929 to 1932 Senator Ross had lived in Acadia with his mother, seated as a teller in the Royal Bank and been generally known as Henry O. Gordon Fennell, then-haired and almost unrecognizable, explaining between takes how much he preferred writing to acting. “So he gets a stiff coat,” as he called it. And that of watching him stroll down a prime real estate playing Brian’s father as he plays all his roles, as if it had been written for him since.

The rest of all the work will permeate next spring, in Acadia, heart of one-year cinema, at the Franco Theatre, where the road run for a movie in Thursday through Sunday and where Jean looks the record (Wednesday through Saturday). The Franco is just about opposite Ed Hunter’s garage on Main Street, which will no longer have its signpost of dusty glory. But in the morning the signpost will gather at the garage, because they always do and like as not they’ll say that the premiere, anyway, will be one day they don’t have down at Carleton.

The World

Why did Trudeau go to Japan? For one thing, it got him out of Ottawa



The Tradewomen aboard the "Bullet Train" en route from Osaka to Tokyo: as of yet no big deals

Enzo Yamamoto, a 22-year-old student of American studies at Tokyo's Keio University, has been that a private visit to Canada also attended the University of Victoria, where to live in Canada and now back home, is enrolled in the newly created Canadian studies program sponsored by Ontario. Still, he reflects the prevailing idea when he confesses, "We are not so interested in Canada as the United States." Ason notes at the foreign affairs ministry, an official unanimously held the same perceptions when he lurches into an analysis of Prime Minister Trudeau's eight-day visit by referring to "U.S. vs. Canada-Japan relations."

Attacking the statistically bad Japanese perception of Canada in an open parliament (mixed with or mixed was a principal aim of Prime Minister Trudeau's 14,000-mile voyage in October and part of his "hard option" policy of forging links with Europe and the Pacific in counterweights to U.S. influence). To the extent that his efforts generated attention Japan, and since the minister, however-dismissed government has formally recognized the notion of a "closer, broader and more distinct relationship" with Canada, a limited objective has been met. The question that remains are well-attended concrete results of the "trainwork" noted signed by Trudeau and his counterpart, Prime Min-

ister Takao Miki? Well, Canadian industrialists now after their own view of the problems doing business with Japan (as the world's second-largest market economy).

For Trudeau, the trip was a mixed blessing. It got him out of Ottawa during the mid-dominion election political season. Spitting some more fiery words just before boarding an Aerial View Boeing 707. Trudeau quipped: "They're like me, they're signing. I've always happy to get away from that machine place, the House of Commons." In Tokyo, however, the government was preoccupied with so internal crisis of its own. Miki's leadership was under challenge (see following story) and the Bank of Japan reported, considerably during Trudeau's visit, that the economic recovery had virtually stopped. Accordingly, Canadian hopes that the second world war led to increased purchase of Canadian-financed products and joint investments were not yet high (JGHE \$2.1 billion export sales to Japan last year, only 3% were in auto-related goods). The over-riding issue was in raw materials such as steel, copper and zinc.

Despite Canada's favorable \$700-million trade balance, 67% of Japan's exports were in fully manufactured goods. Trudeau sought to counter criticism that he had taken another step away from the visit. "I didn't want to

over to close any big deals personally," he observed with a smile. "That is forbidden by the government if I conduct a business guidebook." He argued that the "trainwork"—the term "agreement" was dropped in last-minute negotiations—is "the final step" in a new link with Japan "in the sense that the government laid down the roadway, it's up to the private sector in both countries to follow its path. It is the final piece in the business game we tried to establish implementing the third option."

A Canadian embassy official was, however, somewhat more guarded in its prognosis. "It's conceptual," he said of the second. "It's not like signing a deal to build a steel plant. We are not going to be able to say for five to 10 years whether this is the right approach." Settling a similar issue, a senior Japanese adviser told Canadian aspirations for improved trade depend on whether the goods are competitive and in demand in the vast marketplace of 112 million consumers. Other barriers to enlarging the size of trade with Canada are Japanese reservations about potential jurisdictional rights in Canada, new environmental standards for plants and the power of labor in defending wage demands. Canada hopes to encourage closer ties with Japan as the basis that "we are not a marketplace and puppet of the

Unsubdued," says a Tudeus adviser. "He said 'Shouldn't we be different? They're fearful of an American backlash should they move away from American protection.' Coudria hopes to see an expansion of joint ventures between companies in both countries, with particular emphasis on exports like short-sleeved and long-sleeved (STOL) gloves, CANCO asbestos gloves, and, possibly, cooperation in the exploration of the Alberta tar sands.

The intangible atmosphere, however, dominated the Trudeau visit: a visit to become much more than a business mission by his hosts as an indication that, unlike most world travelers in Japan, Trudeau would be taken in some special part of the nation. A cultural program was agreed to encourage interchange of individuals. Although his hosts did not expect it, Trudeau also apologized for Canada's "record of intolerance" in Western Canada toward

Japanese immigrants at the turn of the century. The statement by Japanese, Canadian during the visit, he added, was "too much sympathy."

ROBERT LEWIS

YUGOSLAVIA Après Tito, le déluge?

In the rocky heat of a late summer night, the sounds of a violent struggle erupted from a room in Belgrade's Hotel Dorobank, located near the leading center of the Rumanian capital. A Yugoslav guard appeared soon after in the lobby, mud-battered and disoriented into the Balkan darkness. With him went 40 other Yugoslav "tourists"—including one who seemed to be struggling desperately to stay behind—amid the whole party quickly bowled a running ball for the 300-mile run back in Belgrade.

The entire incident might have passed unnoticed if reports hadn't gradually stepped out of Eastern Europe that the tour was marred by an assassination attempt. The police and their swarming canine were 59-year-old Vlado Dapcevic, a fierce pro-Moscow opponent of Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito Dapcevic, who had been in exile for years, was accused of organizing an ill-fated Yugoslav Communist Party from abroad and has since been sentenced to 20 years in prison. Scores of his associates are also in jail and the incident, along with many others like it, served as another stark reminder of the fierce struggle being waged in Yugoslavia to try to protect its hard-won independence when Tito, now 64 and recently ill, steps down as first

Ruler since he came to power in 1945 when the forces threatening the country's independence were sweeping in from the far Soviet eastward and East European outlying—second most untrustworthy there now, as the nation strives to prepare itself for the disruption some fear will follow his passing should a new leadership be chosen. (And in Western diplomatic circles that is considered untrustworthy) likely the impression would be given for Moscow to intervene and finally bring into line one of Eastern Europe's few remaining bastions of independence.

The Kremlin is widely believed to be directly linked with organizations such as those operated by Dapcevic before his capture and in 1974 Yugoslav authorities claimed to have discovered an extensive Soviet-sponsored spy ring within the country, the prime aim of which was to incite the already severe ethnic tensions in Yugoslavia. In addition, Western defense agencies have reported that in 1964 a defector, Cosvichinski, boasted that he had sold an operational code-named Polarka the Russians plan an invasion of Yugoslavia across central Albania using Czechoslovak troops though "unreliable developments" follow Tito's death. As long ago as 1972, U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was asked whether he thought the Kremlin would by no means dis-



Tito he promises no posthumous upheavals—but Russia may have other ideas

engageance of Yugoslavia, alias Tito's death. So too had a previously well-believed Kremlin "Currently it is going to happen." Tito himself seems more and more preoccupied with trying to ensure an orderly succession after his departure. With no obvious heir in sight he has set up an eight-man ruling council with each member to hold the presidency for one year in rotation. But Western diplomats are highly skeptical that such an arrangement will work without the council members getting involved in highly diverse power-grabbing schemes. There would also be intense pressure from Yugoslav's diverse nationalist groups on each of the members and the tension already existing among these ethnic units is fierce. During the last several years their rivalry has given rise to a disunion international war (that is, unending and brutal, in a limited way, in the civil war in Lebanon or Northern Ireland). Like those conflicts, the Yugoslav struggle is deeply rooted in the social, political and religious history of the country. Similarly, it is a potential threat to the existence of the nation itself in the absence of a strong and commanding leadership. So far, this year, there have been at least 10 political murders of Yugoslav leaders abroad. There have also been at least 100 political murders of Yugoslavians living abroad and regular burnings of buildings occupied by Yugoslavs. Within the country itself, the stepped-up activities of the secret

police since 1972 have kept the level of violence down to minor terrorist actions. But the violent outbreaks caused are reported by Western diplomats as symptoms of a national disease that may become malignant and destructive.

The Yugoslav struggle basically is a three-sided conflict among Croat separatism, returning Serbian nationalism and the secret police. Born at the end of the First World War, Yugoslavia contains the former kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro and various provinces of the defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire. The Serbs, from the start, dominated the country, a fact that outraged other groups, notably the Croats. For the most part, Serbs and Croats are from the same Slavic stock and speak nearly identical languages. But Serbs, with a long history of independence, mainly speak the Eastern Orthodox religion of Russia, while the 6.5 million inhabitants of the former Austrian province of Croatia-Slavonia were staunch Roman Catholics with a Germanic language.

Had the Second World War not intervened, the disagreements undoubtedly might have blown their differences. But in 1941 the German army overran Yugoslavia blanketing defiant Serbs with concentration camps and driving thousands of Muslims and Croats to the east. In Croatia a bitter civil war ensued as Serbs in the person of Ante

Pavlovic, the leader of Ustaas, a political military party based on the Nazi model and often working closely with the Germans, took U.S. estimates of about 100,000 Serbs living in Croatia during the war. Arriving Serbs met with savage reprisals against Croats living outside their province and a deadly blood feud was born.

But also during the war, the Yugoslav Communist Party came of age with Tito as leader and in the Roman army liberated the country in stages during 1944 and 1945. A full-fledged Yugoslav government was in place and prepared to take over. It was rabidly effective in destroying the separatist groups. The phenomenon that had the Soviet leader of the state, Joseph Stalin. Most of the other new East European Communist leaders were riding to power in the baggage-train of the Red Army and were from the start puppets who were fairly easily controlled from Moscow. Tito was different. A formidable general leader in Yugoslavia throughout the war, he was, from the start, his own man with his own vision of Communism. As a 1944 meeting in Moscow came near, Tito (who spoke to his smaller and less powerful than his photographs) this man was not a puppet. His movements were swift and striking and he stood, when he stood, were disoriented and crooked in on time. Time flew from him, thus appearing, a man whose movements were slowly and steadily. Stalin considered Tito a separatist, someone whose first loyalty lay with his country rather than with Moscow's objectives. In 1948, the Yugoslav leader refused to follow the Russians completely by leaving the Soviet Union and the Cominform, the first of Communists and an unaligned foreign policy, move that in future would bring Soviet nations which they were accepted in East Germany, Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

So too had it seemed to assure outsiders that Yugoslav unity and independence would be maintained when he is no longer in office. The president has also benefited up the military and ordered all factories and businesses to use a portion of their profits to buy three acres of land in addition. Tito has strengthened Yugoslavia's ties with the Third World and the West in order to make any severe Russian move more costly to the status of a neutral, friendly relationship with Moscow. The surface calm of daily life in Yugoslavia seems to support Tito's confident outlook, giving little impression of the tensions within. The shops are laden with food and appliances. Yugoslavs can even buy Soviet-made cars. A steady stream of tourists is flourishing, offering citizens from the shop floor to the boardroom a ray in the darkness of an uncertain future.

But concerns about the future persist. Privately, Western diplomats discuss the threat and pose frequently the possibility of the Soviet Union taking advantage of pos-

Japan's Prime Minister Miki: here today . . .

While Prime Minister Tanaka and Japanese Prime Minister Miki congratulated each other warmly at their respective palaces longingly the future of at least one of them was growing more doubtful by the hour. The chief for the Japanese leader's immediate resignation was becoming evident during the Trudeau visit. When his own Liberal Democratic Party's campaign to force him from office, and Japanese newspapers were filled with speculation about his imminent demise.

But in Trudeau's late October stay the topic was taboo. The closest the two leaders came to the taboos subject was Miki's (Yoshiro) father (resigned to Trudeau's invitation that he visit Canada. Miki replied that he hoped to make the trip soon. The matter was at last quickly dropped and the two released went home. Trudeau had turned 57 and Miki 59 exchanged verbal backslaps in their political subtext. For the part, Trudeau's hosts had during a second that Miki 40 years in politics were a "heal that I could never hope to achieve. And my wife wouldn't let me. Responding, Miki marvelled at Trudeau's eight years as prime—the largest period of time among any of today's presidents.

Trudeau and Miki, between hours of working about their political futures



Two wrangling in Yugoslavia, not to mention. That action would also signal to extremely independent Poland and Romania that they, too, must get back in line with the rest of Eastern Europe. Poland currently is going through a period of intense worker unrest, caused by steep food price increases (illegitimately added back under pressure from the workers), shortages of staple foods and rationing. Party chief Edward Giersek, striving to control the situation, has begun a series of negotiations with labor organizations at all levels to involve them in the decision-making process, something that is still anathema to Moscow, where policy is made in the top and cascaded by the bureaucracy. Some Polish Communist officials say that if the government is unable to control the situation, the army and the militia are no longer to be counted on to put down disorders. From a Soviet point of view, strong action by the Komsomol in a country such as Yugoslavia might have the undesirable effect of serving as a warning to groups within Poland to curb their rebelliousness.

Meanwhile, the social strains in Yugoslavia, which were so exacerbated by the war years, remain before the surface. One somewhat ironic, recently told in Western journals: "Let us pray we can stay together as a nation until the last Yugoslav who can remember World War II is dead. Only then will the dead have finally buried the dead and we'll Yugoslavia be in peace with itself." YANKEE CREDITS LARSEN

CHINA

The different drummers

For the first time in mainland China it was a rare occasion for propaganda as a year overflowing with painful memories. As a flood of wild protests appeared in October, behind the masses a major political conviction had been placed: errors of domestic and foreign policy had caused the economic and social disasters of the past decade. The party and dozens of other critics to express their approval in shouting, chanting slogans. The masses were then directed to the corporations of *graffiti* that followed a series of major cities after closing a devastating loss after another this year and the deaths of the venerated Chinese leaders, Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai.

In the latest upheaval, Huo Kuo-sheng, an elderly, military unknown, emerged as Mao's successor, presiding over China with a new, more conservative and apparently unchallengeable leader. In the process, he virtually reversed a decade of Chinese history by purging the once powerful left wing of the Communist party, which had condemned Mao and his ascending floor of its top leaders. Included was Mao's widow, Chiang Ching, and three of the former chairman's closest and most prominent supporters.

Accompanying the sweeping purge, the official Chinese news agency, Huaxia, said: "The party central committee headed by



Cheng (left) and Mao's Mao may live forever, Maoism is another matter



Chairman Huo Kuo-sheng adopted radical and extreme measures to crush the conservative minority oppositional group and liquidated a large inside the party. Out of the word "liquidated" immediately set off a swirl of misinterpretation speculation that Cheng Ching and her supporters had been executed. But officials with the Communist embassy in Peking and later the Chinese themselves, and the terminology also stated that only the persons present by the four individuals had been executed, pointing out that no political conclusions are known to have taken place in China in recent years, not even during the stormy days of the 1960s. Correspondents in Peking reported that the four had faced Mao's name on documents during the last months of his life and that they had also faced a wall naming Cheng Ching as the successor.

The purge of the leftists: those who led the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1968, appeared to protect the Chinese people with an expense in terms of the growing state of frustration and anger. Those who know the country well say that millions of China's farmers were over happy with having to conform to the policy of self-criticism and confession and were anxiously looking for a chance to grow their own crops and sell them in the open market under a more consumer regime. Factory workers, too, gave signs of wanting more money instead of just more leisure.

But the upheaval can be traced back far to the roots of the cultural revolution itself and to the social and national quest that broke out between Mao and the veteran Communist Party bureaucrats 10 years ago. Maoism was born from the desire of the bureaucrats, who ran China on a daily basis, were slipping away from the Communist traditional revolutionary values of hard work, rigidity and mass enthusiasm and he set out to rebuild the revolutionary spirit by igniting the cultural revolution. In the process, he split the party wide open, promoting large numbers of young party

workers who broke off the radical reforms he began introducing and punishing the old-timers who opposed him. It was these new efforts, led in large part by Mao's ex-wife, who formed what are today called the radicals. But during the last several years, as the passion of the 1960s ebbed, the former bureaucrats, who never lost the taste support of vast numbers of more traditional Chinese, quietly made a comeback and many were rehabilitated. Then it was the Maoist "line" to begin looking for their positions.

The dispute first came to a head in Peking in 1974. Without warning, the Maoists opened an attack on Chou En-lai, the backbone champion of the bureaucrats, in a strategic campaign criticizing the recent stage Confucius, whose writings Chou enjoyed, and the former defense minister, Lin Biao, reported to have been killed in a plane crash in 1971 after having tried to depose Mao. But Chou, a survivor of many such campaigns, deflected the attacks and by early 1975 he had even managed to win again with an ambitious program to turn China into a modern socialist state. His death, in January, however, led to a brief Maoist rally and Chou's chosen successor, Teng Hsiao-ping, was attacked as a "capitalist road" and stripped of all his party posts.

With Mao's death September 9, the ranks of the Maoists, their colorful faces gone, finally fell apart and the bureaucrats returned with a vengeance. In less than a month, they managed—in the Chinese way—to reverse all the verdicts on the cultural revolution. In diplomatic circles there was speculation that the new leadership's emphasis on the importance of technological development over ideological purity will lead to a striking breaking of relations with Western countries which can provide the needed capital. But whatever the outcome, none of the fabled leaders of the cultural revolution, except Mao now in jail with his reputation unimpaired. And Mao's supporters are going to be whatever the new leader say it should be.

People

The question is: did the Ontario Board of Censorship (this time, not western) demand a \$50,000 cut in the Canadian film *Peter and the Hermit* the first, *Helle McLaren* answered what is known as the sexuality trade as "the female superior position." If the boy *Michael Margetta* had been where he was supposed to be, according to the book, would there have been a problem? In any case the film (see review, page 14) will not likely be shown in Ontario restaurants unless and until the censors back off, because neither producer Chairman Adams nor director Don Owen intend to acquiesce to the cut.

Some good news and some bad news for *Jim Brown*. First the bad: his television career starting here and based on his tongue-in-cheek book of the same name, *Red Face*, has been canceled. Now the good: a New York State supreme court judge threw out a three-million-dollar libel suit laid on the ex-Yankee pitcher by *Alan Webster*, another star backfielder with the Montreal Alouettes and the New York Giants back in 1971, when Webster was coaching the Giants through one of their sportswriter's most vicious seasons. From a sportsman at *Webster* as New York did an interview with him. He contradicted the film by saying that while Web-



Brown and Kistoffen: some Peter can get away with it



McLaren and Margetta: it's not nice to fool with Mother Nature

ster was a free guy and always willing to answer questions, he was "sometimes evasive as his answers." Then the interview was backdated.

By now there must be few people left who still underestimate the cynicism of *Burt Reynolds*, or for that matter *Joe Peters*, but neither Hollywood's current love and partner in the production of the first version of *A Star Is Born*, starring Barbra and *Kris Kristofferson*. Which leads credence to the Hollywood manner that the two Peters will marry in late December, or around the time the movie is released. That, of course, would take the libel suit off the entertainment page and put it on page one where it would be the most good.

The claim is truest at best, but there is some justification for Canadians to applaud the first winner of the Nobel Prize for literature. After all, *Paul Robeson* was born in Camden, in New Jersey, to be precise, where he lived and he was 11

After that, he moved to Chicago and it was there, over the succeeding years, that he became one of the great voices in the English language. The Nobel committee cited him "for the human understanding and subtle analysis of contemporary culture that has combined in his work," which includes *The Adventure of Ayrick Mark*, *Henry, Broderick, The Run King*, and his latest (and now a popular) the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Maestro's Gift*.

The offer for the Beatles to do a one-hour, closed circuit television reunion is now up to \$120 million, which has put a certain amount of pressure on *Larry Michael*, the producer of his Saturday Night *Michael's* earlier bid of \$120,000 (the three songs on the show) suddenly began to seem woefully inadequate, so he went back to the network to see if it would come up with another \$50 to sweeten the pot a little. But right now the holding firm at \$120,000 was "maybe a risk because the guys haven't had a hit in five or eight years."

Ontario is planning to place, not sell, it seems to be looking at ways to upgrade Hypermart's—particularly since the new Decore project will be a much more of focus area. Also, it will be interesting, says the analyst, the size of the Level Hypermarket. This may solve the extension factor. "By the time a developer has filed his market with food, he's too tired to walk an entire quarter of a mile for non-food items," says the analyst. "He wants to get out of there." But it might be a retail situation that this year is especially competitive. Osborn Group executives are making it clear to both investors and journalists that their retailing will not be busy and that no announcements can be expected before the spring. The optimism of Big Street Food is not all unusual, however, looking at the company's track, which has fallen from above \$40 in 1988 to a recent \$3.50. The analyst concludes: "It's got to be a buy—it can't go any lower." **GRAHAM FRASER**

Little (but growing) Mac

Oscar Grabert shifts his considerable gifts forward in the edge of the chair, then concludes: "I know you're going to be looking for an Asterisk. Some people think only Americans can do the job." The job he's referring to is fast-foods America's distinctive contribution to the culinary arts. Specifically, his own most recent venture in replicating the opportunities taken by Grabert's International Ltd., an upgraded hamburger house featuring a message salad bar. Market tests found that most people thought Grabert's was a U.S. concept, says Grabert. Grabert is a sort of deplacé in McDonald's with a nod to his local market. Wood benches instead of plastic ones, patterned carpeting instead of quarry tile. Since January, Grabert's franchisees of Winnipeg has opened five Grabert's outlets, set for locations in Edmonton, Regina, Calgary, Ottawa and London. Altogether, these six grand plans for 100 Grabert's franchises across Canada by 1991.

Grabert, 44, is the president of Champs Food Services Ltd. and already Winnipeg's chicken king, thanks to Colonel Harland Sanders. Grabert met the Colonel back in 1958, when he was virtually unknown and Ronald McDonald was even a ghost in an adult's eye. At the time Grabert was a University of Manitoba law graduate and part-time teacher, he was rapidly finding it his hard place to over-whelm A & W Food Service of Canada Ltd. with his own diversified hamburger operation. The Colonel set him straight convincingly but, after the initial jolt, Grabert thought. Grabert thought. Fred Chatter (A & W) franchises for Manitoba, as well as parts of North Dakota and Minnesota. The persuasive Colonel also told him the new literature he devised long before the first Canadian Long New York. Instead, Grabert sold him into it.

Since Grabert looked his sale to the

Kennedy collector, however, he's grown steadily—from \$2.5 million in 1970 to a projected \$14 million this year with a nominal five-dollar profit according to Grabert. Besides Grabert's Champs (includes 20 A & W outlets plus an assorted half-dozen), Grabert's and his brother's Block into restaurants and a chicken hatchery, growing and expanding operations. Champs is big by Manitoba standards but small com-



Grabert: taking a bite from The Colonel has more than paid off

pared with national chains. McDonald's, for instance, has nearly 300 outlets.

Grabert knows first-hand the limits to growth. Manitoba can stand only so much chicken, he admits. "We've almost exhausted our territory. That's why we're into hamburger now." It's planning for two years, Grabert's a subsidiary of Champs is being financed from cash flow. Units are expensive, in the order of \$190,000 per location. Consequently, franchising is the quickest way to expand. But Grabert isn't a quitter. He'll pivot venture and build company units as well. He's bent on providing the power "a viable all-Canadian alternative" to McDonald's. Like a politician, he never mentions his rivals by name—not even Canadian alternatives already in the field such as Harvey's, a subsidiary of Toronto's Foodcity Limited.

A finally, but cautious man, Grabert chooses his words carefully when interviewed in his company's dimly lit, three-level offices on the former Woodstock industrial plaza in Winnipeg. He talks in discouraged terms of Manitoba's new government, which he believes is a drag on a "moderate society." Already, he finds increasing employment in the province difficult because of its relatively high taxes. His

franchisees often were clearing out the store at the end of the summer because the Manitoba government's chicken marketing board refused to allow Grabert's chicken hatchery and processing plant in Neepawa, Manitoba, to supply the province with enough chicken under its quota system, to \$3 more than 80% of its needs. "We'd certainly consider moving," says Grabert.

Grabert's son, Grabert's son, attempts to break out of the Winnipeg chicken struggle. In 1965 he opened Champs Market Inc., the "harvest of what may become a ghost of winter now throughout the city." He sold it the year. Five years later he sold the hotel. In 1969 he co-owned an "international" expansion of the now defunct Kamps drive-in division. That there was the 31, Salt Eqs. fish and chips expert, for which Champs held the franchise rights from The Tender Bay to the Pacific. That also involved too when fish prices doubled in a year.

That time was the Bobby Orr's Pizza Place, a planned national chain of pizza franchises in which Grabert was involved with the first flagship outlet in Toronto's west (Grabert has a taste for hockey; he's a trustee for the Winnipeg Jets). After that came the phased but never completed expansion of the Butcher's Block division. And finally, there was the withdrawal of Champs' five public stock offering in the undercapitalized stock market of 1970. Altogether, enough to depress a former man. But then there were pretty much all-Canadian adventures. This time, in Grabert's words, "hopefully, there's the sale of Asterisk merchandising tape."

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He may be just a voice in the wilderness, but his message - 'Deflation!' - still disconcerts

Business column by Peter Brimelow

"Let a hundred flowers bloom." Although Mao Tse-tung said that during the 1950s, the flower markets when he uttered this noble sentiment, it has been false. Without differences of opinion, there would be no reason to feed hungry buyers, as they do even in the most democratic ball markets, and no possibility of a free-market professional opinion, thus enabling informed users of commodities to hedge their positions and ensure price stability for their suppliers. But academics are rarely popular. Conventional call them "speculators," and hear of them in cutting economic upheavals which in reality they only reflect. One of the most controversial, still blossoming on the prairie in rural Louisiana, is C. Vernon Myers of Calgary, editor of the \$35-per-year *Myers' Journal & Energy Newsletter*. Since 1967, Myers has been dwelling in the small but very underwood of fantasy and predicting that it would inevitably lead to hyperinflation. Now that inflation has arrived, and he could finally come out of the woods, Myers has instead retreated still deeper, declaring what he often has in his new book as *The Coming Deflation* (Athlone House, \$10.95).

Deflation? Falling prices? What's wrong with that? What's wrong with a monetary world that was wrong with the Great Depression, when prices also fell? It ultimately involves not such lower levels of demand in the economy, a cash-strapped a doyen of business and unemployment all brought about by an imaginary contraction of the money supply. Myers is predicting another depression because the system has been overstrained by inflation. Politicians, he argues, have been encouraging us to consume more than we produce. For many years, not just companies and governments are now hopelessly overburdened with debt. Eventually there will be a financial accident, some company or nation will fail to pay interest on its debt, and then will trigger a chain of events. The conditions are so much like the 1930s that Myers says there will be a classic 19th-century financial collapse. Until now, politicians have been staving this off by buying fresh credit, but the money supply, whenever the system falters. But this is beginning interestingly ineffective, says Myers. "There hasn't been enough investment in productive capacity lately to sustain further economic growth, and government intervention just both off uncertainty in inflation. Inflation is the condition begins."

Myers, 44, is somewhat of a hard money, pro-gold, and is believing there

will be no German-style price explosion before the collapse that is ultimately expected. Myers began publishing his newsletter in 1967, based on the experience he gained managing the \$400,000 *Myers-Hunter Limited* had paid him for his highly successful *Oilweek* magazine three years earlier. He began by accurately forecasting that the United States would fail in its attempt to build gold to \$35 per ounce. He also anticipated the rise in the price of silver from \$1.30 per ounce in 1967



Myers: don't say he didn't warn you

to a high of \$2.65 in 1968. But these are volatile markets and Myers does not guarantee to cash shorter term swings in the shape of some subscribers. For example, he has seen the stock market for the last two years despite the Dow Jones industrial average's rise from 276 to the full of 1914 to a recent 947. "It's the most phenomenal up or market history," he says pointing out that 10 years ago the Dow was at 1,000 and ending up in stock market jargon that are utterly bizarre in a sense. Myers says gold is "doomed" now, and is recommending holding highly liquid assets such as U.S. Treasury bills. More than 80% of his confidence is in the United States and only 20% in Canada. He is a prophet almost unknown in his own land.

Myers is exceedingly well known in the United States, however, where the Securities and Exchange Commission got an injunction against him in 1968 for refusing to register with it. Gold people tend to have a highly developed fear of governments, and many believe that the bureaucratic weight of the SEC was being employed to harass critics of Washington's long-standing attitude against gold. Myers seems to have formed this challenge with an aggressive venture involving a Swiss corporation but in September 1984, he was ruled by the SEC and ultimately charged with the offence arising out of his purchase of gold as an agent for U.S. citizens who at that time were legally barred from holding it. This was the start of an epic struggle with the Canadian tax authorities which is still going on. Part has been settled out of court, and the Crown is currently appealing. Myers' acquittal earlier this year on charges of evading more than one million dollars in taxes. It is plain that Myers' Western search of interclass transactions toward governments has been rejected by compulsory acquaintance with their tactics, which ultimately sound startlingly brutal. The defense has already cost more than \$50,000.

Some analysts whose sensibilities have been inflamed by academic positions are unsettled by Myers' skepticism ("I guess what you ask for your own needs... you'll be surprised how much better it tastes"), although it makes him an effective platform speaker. Even though he studied geology as a graduate student in the University of Alberta in the Thirties, he draws most graphically on his boyhood memories of the prairie region his father has missed in Midway, Alberta, in 1967 after emigrating from Switzerland via Oklahoma. His sense that something is organically wrong with the modern economy seems rooted in an intuitive sense of harmony which has somehow survived the total transformation of the prairie in his thirty years, and his own adaptation to the world of finance.

But given the notorious propensity of economists to travel, like circus elephants, in long lines behind a dominating leader, and the waning effect on them of private free public or private employment, it's just as well there are such exotic specimens as Myers to help us face the elaborate refusal of the economy to be down and be satisfied. For all their necessity, he and his ilk did win the law round against more of the economic establishment. It would be more, though, if this 100-dollar campaign has a happier ending than Mael's.



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Health

Reports of defecting doctors have been, to say the least, exaggerated

Last month, while leading through newspaper down in from Toronto, a member of the Canadian consulate in Dallas sat up with a start. Several articles, dealing with the recruitment practices of a California-based medical corporation, compared visions of hundreds of Canadian physicians, black bags in hand, swamping the border customs. The consulate immediately dispatched an attaché to investigate—only to find the newspapers had overreacted. In fact, while the newspaper wasn't much more than a mild seasonal shift in normal migration trends, it wasn't for lack of effort on the part of American recruiters.

Lured by higher incomes, warmer climates and less government regulation, about 65 Canadian physicians—out of Canada's 35,000 total—have recently decided to move south—mainly to Texas, Nevada and California. "Many stop after the first employ," admits James Horner, assistant vice-president of Houston's American Medical International Inc., the largest U.S. recruiter. "A lot of them are just curious. And a few are actually stressed."

Still, when AMI, which owns 50 hospitals in the United States, began placing ads last spring in Canadian medical journals and attending provincial medical meetings, the

response was enthusiastic. "We received more than 500 enquiries," says Horner, "and we're still averaging 45 phone calls and 50 letters a week." The firm's all-expense-paid fund-raising trips are so popular they are booked 60 days in advance, though, as Horner notes, "Some doctors are just looking for a free trip." Probably, a full third of the enquiries come from former British doctors, who fled the U.K.'s National Health Insurance and now feel Canada's medicare system is on the brink of a similar crisis.

AMI's basic offer includes respectable financial help in relocating, a guaranteed gross income of \$24,000 to \$39,000 for the first six months, and office rent for an month. In return, Horner expects money to be made near the hospitals. "and our own hospital when he has a patient who needs hospitalization." With the aid of AMI's lawyers, who guarantee U.S. immigration officials, arrange temporary work visas or help the transferees process doctors can leave Canada within 120 days. For those who emigrate on their own, government red tape can delay the process three years.

But AMI's offer is modest compared to that of Dr. Stephen Zaig, owner of Family Doctors Chartered in Las Vegas. Zaig,

who recently hired 11 Alberta physicians, starts employees off at a base pay of \$40,000 per year. "Then, depending on their productivity, we work them into a full partnership over a three-year period," says Zaig. "The partnership can mean total base pay of \$100,000. The one structure you know, it's different in Nevada." Zaig's 24-hour-a-day, seven-days-a-week clinic treats doctors, if not patients, with noticeably less efficiency. Physicians work shifts to maintain 40-hour week and answer on call. The firm handles all administration and paper work, provides facilities and pays all related expenses—including malpractice insurance. Says Zaig, "Life is just a hell of a lot easier in this sort of arrangement."

Canada's emigrating doctors clearly agree—though the impact for departure has as much to do with Canada's political climate as with income potential in the United States. "My relationship with my patients was being disrupted," complains and moved Dr. Roy Corby, 37, a Newwood, Manitoba GP whose landing for Shreveport, Texas. "I was locked into a fee schedule so low I had to see more and more patients. I didn't have the time to spend with them anymore and just pushed them through." Corby, 23 years in practice, was attracted by Texas' "free market of living, something like we had here 10 or 15 years ago. But now Canada's following the pattern of Britain. It's a bankrupt nation."

So far, the number of departing doctors has failed to stir the provincial medical associations. "A lot of them are grumbling about the Anti-Inflation Board, but that doesn't make a thing," says Dr. Larry LeRoux, registrar of Alberta's College of Physicians and Surgeons. "Seven men have left Alberta for the United States since January. That's about the same as last year and the year before that. It's not significant when you consider we have about 3,000 doctors and no risk of application. At the end of the year, we'll have lost about 100 out of about 150." Besides, the emigrating traffic is still predominantly east-west, not north-south. Of the 36 doctors leaving Manitoba since April, 25 went to other provinces. And those who head south in search of money more and fewer emigrants may soon have a rude awakening. At Dr. Robert Clark, co-director of the Alberta Medical Association notes, "Specialized medicine is almost upon them in the United States. If they're attempting to do from it, all they're really doing is turning from one medicine practice into the arms of another."

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Medicine

If they sell it over the counter it must be okay, right? Not necessarily

Three chemical names—glyceryl guaiacolate and chlorophyll extract—are often as pronounceable. But that plethora of names and doses, mechanisms and side-effect warnings and analyses that line the shelves of most Canadian drugstores represents a clear-bottle-dollar-a-year industry in North America. As the United States Customs Weekly refuse to shake. Boosted by \$400-million advertising campaigns that promise fast relief for coughs, colds and sore throats (one U.S. firm alone, Bristol Myers, spends \$150 million a year promoting its products), few consumers stop to question the safety and efficacy of over-the-counter drugs.

Last month, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) released a 900-page report that seriously challenges the worth of the more \$700-million cough and cold remedy market. Says Dr. Sol Katz, director of the pulmonary disease unit at Georgetown University: "But for Aspirin and a few other exceptions, I would have almost every cough and cold given cold water."

In Canada, as in the United States, prescription drugs are subject to rigid government standards of safety and effectiveness. But over-the-counter (OTC) medicines are not government-regulated. "We just have turned Canada's biggest Aspirin" says Toronto clinical pharmacologist Dr. Ed Sellers. "Why would a company want to show that its expensive product is as effective as chicken soup?"

At least eight experts conclude, one drug—taken moderately and not in combination with other medications—is either useless or only slightly effective. At worst, they may cause grave problems for patients with existing ailments (see box). But the most worrisome danger arises—and the most tuché—when it comes to the promotion of over-the-counter remedies with alcohol and/or other prescription drugs. "Even if you know the safety and effectiveness of each component, it's not wise to know what they will do in combination with other drugs," notes University of Calgary pharmacology professor Dr. Keith McConnell. "It's a very tricky issue."

Apart from the rules of multiple drug use, many physicians believe the real value of over-the-counter drugs is the placebo. But one doctor told strongly enough that these medicines aren't worth it," says the Ontario Medical Association's director of medical services Dr. E. J. Morris. "The huge bulk are placebo, and the few that are effective carry some hazard."

The new study, the culmination of a four-year investigation involving 109 or-

As a rule, two into one shouldn't go



No complete study has ever been done on how over-the-counter medicines interact with each other or in combination with prescription drugs. But experts interviewed by *Maclean's* predicted this sampling of what can occur when patients take prescription and OTC drugs. (However, since the speed at which drugs are eliminated from the body varies, side effects will be more or less pronounced.)

- **Antihistamines**, a component of most cold and allergy remedies, commonly causes drowsiness and often constipation and dry mouth. It can double the effect of a prescription tranquilizer and greatly increase the effects of alcohol.

- **High doses** ASA impairs clear thinking, the effect is heightened if taken with alcohol or anticholinergics.

- **Diuretics** contained in over-the-counter kidney pills and laxatives empty the system not only of water but important potassium and sodium. And the effect is much greater if a person is taking both medications.

- **Bromides** contained in many over-the-counter sleeping, pre-anesthetics and antacids, accumulate in the system and can cause confusion, drowsiness and blood abnormalities.

- **Sodium**, contained in laxatives and stomach powders, can seriously affect heart disease patients.

- Similarly, **ephedrine**, a component of many decongestants, can seriously affect heart patients. One decongestant, sometimes known as sympathomimetics, produce dizziness, nervousness and—among men with prostate difficulties—urination problems.

which, verifies those assumptions. "There appears to be little evidence that antihistamines have any effect on the common cold." There is not one sleep and whose ingredients we consider effective. There are no well-controlled studies documenting that "experiments" [rough medications] work.

Add Sellers, head of clinical pharmacology at Ontario's Addiction Research Foundation: "There are four over-the-counter, proprietary and patent medicines that are any good. Forget the rest." His list of effective drugs: *Aspirin*—the most common brand name is *Aspirin* ("probably the only medication that people need for a cold"), nasal sprays ("for a short period when they can irritate nasal membranes"), antacids for stomach upset and heartburn ("any stomach problems have nothing to do with excess acidity and stomach won't help"), and laxatives ("how many people really need a laxative?").

But if over-the-counter remedies are plainly ineffective, why do millions of North Americans reach for "top time capsules" as the line says of some throat and cold? The answer lies both in the industry's massive ad campaign (most drug firms

spent between 15 and 30 cents of each sales dollar on advertising compared with nine cents for food companies) and the placebo phenomenon, which leads many to the fact that some patients get better just by being told a certain pill will make them better. "A cold is going to run its course anyway," notes Dr. R. D. Peterson, director of research and development for Kellogg-Salsola Canada Ltd., makers of the best-selling *Nas* Cinn cold and allergy preparation. "But the psychological effect is a very important."

While the Food and Drug Administration continues to stress the drug industry's unacceptable laxity, Ottawa's Health Protection Branch is making some effort to fill the market place of purely fraudulent medicines. Legislation planned for the spring will strip out the Proprietary or Patent Medicine Act and require disclosure of ingredients. Product Dr. A. J. Linton, director general of the OTC drugs division. "The new regulations will eliminate two-thirds of the proprietary and patent medicines now in existence." But whether the listing of ingredients will change the habits of drug hungry Canadians remains to be seen.

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Media

CITY: the noble experiment that worked—once it ceased to be noble

For four years, CITY TV has been the precious child of Toronto's television family—speaking in adult language about grown-up topics, bearing to its viewers a potpourri of culture, shock and the continent's first release of soft-porn movies. But last month, as Channel 79 began its fifth year of programming, the quickly maturing youngster scolded at the childhood magic of childhood. "We feel we've gone past the years of that sort of celebration," says Phyllis Szwarc, CITY's vice-president of community relations and one of the station's fiercest leaders. "Now we're thinking of 18- and 20-year old viewers."

Not that it was short of a reason to celebrate: this year CITY turned its first ever profit (\$100,000 over annual expenses of four million dollars) due to its up-grading. CITY has gone mainstream conservative. This season, the station shunned its prime-time local programs and copied the revenue-producing success of most other top-city broadcast. Now programming between 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. is a

dash of reruns—American soap shows, syndicated movies (for example, *Masters, My Three Sons, Bye-Bye Brereton*).

CITY shareholders and staff are sensitive to a small undercurrent of dissent from entertainment writers who view the station's development more closely than most. "They're really mad to live up to their local programming promises, while Global has been getting away with murder on its promises and only been mildly rebuked by CRTC," adds comic chairman Harry Boyle. "I'm not aware of any complaints by the commission staff about changes in CITY's programming?" "No one has any reason to complain," says Szwarc. "We're producing 18 hours a week of local programs—more than any station in Canada. Last year we produced 44 hours."

Programming aside, many observers are

surprised that Channel 79 has endured this long. When the ultra-high frequency (UHF) station was born into North America's most competitive television market, the odds against its survival—let alone success—seemed overwhelming. For one thing, only 30% of all North American viewers are currently in the black, and those are mainly video playbackers, re-playing old programs with minimal investment in capital, and seldom viable. But CITY came into a market where burgeoning cable television systems now penetrate 66% of Toronto area households. Toronto viewers, then, Channel 79 is a de facto Channel 1? A \$400,000 investment last year placed the station's antenna at the very top of the CN Tower, doubling to nearly 3.5 million the number of potential viewers. And, despite capital costs (three million dollars) only a fifth of those borne by most urban stations, CITY has managed with bating wet sweat, and a sense of mission to build local programming programs and to survive. What is 130-plus staff

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Zisman: the start of something small

lose as wages they make up for creative freedom and expert de capo. Producers experiment, most of it second-hand, has previously been converted to crr's needs. And while programs are often only passably professional, the programming ideas are often slick, innovative and widely imitated. "Any time a large station with more

money wants to do what we are doing, it can do it much better," says Missis Zisman, 34, then-crr producer who managed and helped co-found Channel 79. "Our objective is a terrible sort of way, it is always to be doing something else."

The City Show formerly 21 has been long and now played in a more than 100,000, emphasized its on-air local news coverage and spent today's expanded local news on every Toronto station (plus Hamilton's CHTV). Channel 79's Money Game show, now copied by several other stations, was a pioneer in business and consumer programming. And crr introduced the first community access broadcasts with four hours weekly of Free For All and Toronto The Good (Roughly). "A decent language program are scheduled each week, reflecting the cultural mosaic that is Toronto," says lawyer Jerry Grolman who, along with Zisman, Sussman and Sunday Night publisher Edgar Cowan, is a co-founder and member of the original something block of shareholders. "Crr produces 80% of the foreign language programs broadcast over all TV stations in Canada."

But while innovation may be the secret form of failure, it doesn't buy much advertising. "Now we've finally shown a profit after four years but we have been growing even faster," says Zisman. "Many of our people have been with us since the beginning and they deserve to get higher

pay. There's more to this business than mere survival, and we're taking some steps to improve our health as a business." True to his word, Zisman and other Channel 79 shareholders last month sold 45% of the station for about three million dollars to Montreal-based Maelstrom Assets Ltd., a French-controlled computer firm. The agreement of sale is subject to approval by the CRTC. Maelstrom Assets, which already owns CTV-TV in Montreal and three Montreal radio stations (one is short-wave), had gross revenues of more than \$35 million last year. Like many other prior companies, its own market performance has been mixed, the experts believe that purchase of controlling interest in CTV (the four co-founders only held some 30% of the equity) will add another revenue base—one that is not given to riding the peaks and valleys that historically have plagued data processing stocks. With its own profits, the rapid growth of its potential viewing audience and the apparently insatiable appetite for the format of Hollywood's television sales, Channel 79 was an increasingly attractive investment. At the same time, with its shares scattered in small portions to many hands, it was not surprising that after four no-dividend years of stable experience status, some of the original investors might want to liquidate their holdings to buyers willing to consider control at premiums—not bargain—prices.

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Science

Life on Mars? Some things are still best left to the imagination

As man's first tentative probe of Mars comes on-line, all the evidence suggests that the most Earth-like planet in the solar system is not an abode of life—at least life as it is commonly known. That clear message comes from the United States' twin Viking spacecraft, squaring 4,800 miles apart on the deserts of the red planet. In the three months since the first craft landed, Viking's sophisticated life-searching equipment ("like a biology lab crammed into a car battery," says Harold Klein, leader of Viking's biology team) has been sending back daily reports of some of the complex scientific experiments. The present findings: Many agree with its secrets.

Although repeated atmosphere and soil analysis tests have turned up some three dozen common elements, including oxygen, iron, silicon, aluminum, potassium and sulphur, none have been found combined into molecules in a fashion that could be considered life. But the results of Viking's biology experiments have been less clearcut. In five separate tests for photosynthesis—the process by which green plants on Earth use sunlight, water and carbon dioxide to make organic matter—scientists found evidence of life-making processes. But how this apparent life process can occur in the absence of organic molecules in the Martian soil has perplexed scientists baffled.

One of the first to recognize the ambiguity of the results was Joshua Lederberg, Stanford University's Nobel Prize-winning geneticist. Three weeks after Viking I landed, he predicted, "Whether experiments will not be able to reach a definite conclusion on the life question." Lederberg's prophecy has proven all too true. Now he thinks it even less likely that Viking's experiments will prove the negative. Even the more hopeful scientists are sounding cautionary notes. "Life on Mars may be limited to certain areas," suggests Norman Horowitz, a California Institute of Technology biologist. "We couldn't expect to land on an oasis on our first two tries." But Horowitz's colleagues are generally less optimistic. Gintley Lee, director of Viking Science Analysis, believes the case for life grows weaker every day. "The data mounted up to this point can be more easily explained by non-living chemistry," he says. A majority of Viking scientists now suspect that some kind of chemical reaction simulated in life processes will ultimately explain what is being seen. Adds Lee: "The problem is, we haven't figured out what those reactions are."

The optimistic phrase in most positions



The Viking module (left) and the 'arm' of work (above) on Mars as we know it. Rarely appear even as we don't know it.



perennial analysis is "life as we know it." "But environmental organisms may be extremely different from what is common on our planet," says Cornell University physicist Carl Sagan. "Viking has a broad range of capabilities, but it is by no means definitive." However, Sagan will not directly support the notion of life "as we don't know it" on Mars—if the planet hosts totally new life systems based on still unknown principles.

Despite growing pessimism in the Viking camp, the concept of life on Mars is not ill-founded—even though the number of the planet is drier than the Earth's driest deserts and colder than Antarctica. Other Viking discoveries have proved it wasn't always that way. Michael McClellan, a Harvard University expert in planetary atmospheres who analyzed information received from the orbiting portion of the Viking 2 spacecraft, calculates that in Mars's early history there may have been twice as much water as was present on the Earth at the same time. Looking over the north polar cap, the orbiter found a

200,000-square-mile placid of water ice, possibly half a mile thick. "There is enough water in the north polar cap to potentially increase the humidity on Mars by 10,000 times," reports McClellan. Although this would still leave Mars drier than Earth, the discovery provides the potential to reveal organisms in the past. And the polar cap, McClellan adds, is surely the "tip of the iceberg" of the Martian water supply, with much more frozen underground as permafrost.

As the picture of the new Mars unfolds, it has also become clear that the total amount of water on the planet is far greater than had been suspected. McClellan and his colleagues are confident that both a denser, more Earth-like atmosphere and abundant water were present at the Martian past, making conditions suitable for the development of life. Viking's inability to detect solid evidence of life means that Mars's once favorable climate was probably short-lived, possibly too short for life to emerge. Says McClellan: "The question we now have to ask is why Mars turned out so much like Earth and ended up like Mars?" A more philosophical question that biologists are wrestling with concerns the abundance of life beyond Earth. Says Klein: "We may have to begin wondering how right we are in thinking that chemicals quickly get together to form life. Theory led us to important inorganic compounds on Mars, but none have been found. We may now be forced to begin thinking of life as a much rarer phenomenon than we have guessed."

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Justice

Is justice sometimes better done when it literally isn't seen to be done?

While the Sky Shops case against Senator Louis Giguère and four other politicians has caught through preliminary hearings in Montreal, Canada's legal community is only now—six months after the charges were first laid—beginning to sort out the web of constitutional questions raised by the affair. The five Sky Shops defendants (in addition to Giguère, they are his wife, friend Charles Campbell, Montreal contractor Louis Lapointe, Toronto securities broker James Lavery and retired shipping executive Gordon Brown, now living in the Bahamas) were all charged with similar offences in two jurisdictions—Quebec and Ontario. Proceeding out of the Quebec case, Ontario last month stayed proceedings until April, 1977. But some legal experts wonder whether the delay will not become a source of double jeopardy if Ontario decides to proceed with its two cases on the same set of facts (in Ontario, the five are charged with conspiracy to give and receive a benefit, in Quebec, they are charged with committing the same offence).

Even more confusion surrounds the issue of *peu-équité*, a form of closed, preliminary hearing seldom used outside of Quebec. It was Quebec's desire to hold a *peu-équité* for Giguère that prompted initially stonewalled federal investigators. The result: Sky Shops charges were laid first in Ontario.

But Quebec's position was not inconsistent with its legal tradition. Historically, the province has used the *peu-équité* to hear evidence against public personalities and members of the police force. Held in the absence of the accused, it may compel testimony from the complainant and other witnesses and subpoena any state or municipal charges. Witnesses may be represented by counsel (on approval of the judge), but counsel are not given rights of cross-examination. Proceedings of the hearing are not published. Critics of the *peu-équité* contend that a closed hearing is inconsistent with a commitment of transparency—that justice can't be seen to be done. Too often, they add, it becomes a convenient device for saving politicians' reputations in the embarrassment of public exposure. But its supporters say the *peu-équité* shields the ability of any police to arrest public figures by laying frivolous charges. If the judge is not satisfied with the evidence, he can quietly quash the complaint.

Indeed, many legal scholars believe the *peu-équité* is a closed double-edged lever, capable of either protecting the accused or being tied as a weapon against



Giguère: How to play double jeopardy?

him. "Far from dragging us back, it's entirely conceivable that Quebec was planning to hold a *peu-équité* for Louis Giguère to obtain additional evidence against him," says Ogilvie Hall's criminal law professor Louise Arbour. Theoretically the province could have summoned the five who were subsequently charged and compelled them to testify under oath, without benefit of counsel. If their lawyers were permitted to attend, they would not have been allowed to cross-examine witnesses. And if they chose to testify in their own words, the evidence given in *peu-équité* could have been used against them. "Frankly," says Arbour, "I was amazed the *peu-équité* charges in Ontario while the case was still pending in Quebec." According to Arbour, who lectures the province to her own clients, most law students in Quebec are already familiar with the dual possibilities of the *peu-équité* which is held 35 to 40 times a year. But with the



Revels days after Texas state police the crowd's behavior when the bottle was

elimination of the Grand Jury system and the increasing attack on the political party (on the merits of its candidate), there is a strong likelihood that the province will assume greater significance in the future. Says Arbour: "If one of my students some day becomes a Crown attorney, I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he came along the *peu-équité*."

JERRY LEONARD/HAROLD LEVY

Con games

The abuse opens displaying a cowboy attitude a mad-cyber, Bismarck bull "Kill 'em, bull!" yells a Texas in the audience. Seconds later, the cowboy-backed head bucks his rider into the dust, and the cowboy starts behind the safety of a nearby barrier. "He's a man who knows bulls," quips the announcer. "Master of fact, he's as far from a head of fact."

Not gone in fact David Rington is serving 15 years for murder. Last month, in a similar case of "The Wala"—a nickname for the Texas penitentiary north of Houston—Rington and about 100 other fellows whooped it up at the state's annual Prison Rodeo—an event some observers say is a reforming influence and one that nearly everyone enjoys in the toughest rodeo in America. This year's spectacle was surprisingly tame: a few cracked ribs, lacerated legs and bloodied faces. But in the rodeo's 44-year history, two performers have died and three have injured. "Cowboy" rodeo taking behavior is rather different from that of your typical rodeo rider," criminalologist Don Kirkpatrick suggests. "If they were nice guys, they wouldn't be in prison."

Some of the 15,000 who turn up on any given Sunday in October are prison no-die bulls or prisoners' friends and family

So good so many ways.



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But many are evidently along to see backhoeed around by mass media. The psychology isn't lost on either participants or noted observers. "The public comes to see blood," says 30-year-old Cal Aronson, a wealthy cowboy raising the red of a 15-year season in rodeo who ended the 1975 rodeo season with two broken ribs and 17 stitches in his head. "People also come out of morbid curiosity to see the cruel rodeo," says Don Reed, the rodeo's publicity chairman for 31 years.

However accessible to their millions, the 10,000 who paid four to six dollars admission to last month's rodeos did their bit for Texas promoters. Entrance fees, together with sales of intimate trials, help fund the broadest vocational program of any U.S. state: rodeo courses (courses cover everything from bucking to barbequing, with cost charged for Chinese in larkies, a radical hell in, and comes to a year). Last year's net profit: \$252,000.

Statistics confirm the value of such events. Texas rodeo drew a 30% share, but if the U.S. average. Publics' Real looks it directly to the rodeo's psychological impact, and to the program's funds. Out-attack against Sept. 10 after the rodeo, an occasion for his rodeo since. "The rodeo is the first time he rodeo anyone rodeo about him," Real recalls. "He's been 20 years now, and it's still going straight."

This year's rodeo-ers turned out from 150,000 fans to the rodeo park for trials, even they aren't so it for the magazine—which seldom top \$30 an event. Gary Hart, a handsome 30-year-old serving 30 years for assault with intent to rape, was a grape-punked rodeo clown, among kids in the audience and grunting with changing balls and balloons, to divert them from demented cowboys. "It makes you feel concerned for another human being," he says. Adds Bill Sheffield, a 35-year-old rider: "It gets you out of the prisonery mentally."

Over the years, it has also got a few out physically. On one occasion, two contestants who had switched into civilian gear from where prison inmates were quoted speaking read the promoter's face by a prison chaplain. The promoter, surprisingly, sent them into freedom, claiming them as members of the public for "trying to get into the rodeo without paying." The escapees were recaptured eventually. To most of the 20,000 detainers of Texas (all rodeo is a heavily unionized pro-leg). Even offenders from Missouri, serving blocks are eligible to compete (as 18 did last month). And each Sunday buses bring thousands of inmate spectators to "The Wall" to applaud from their seats in a single wire-fenced penit.

Deafened by Texas' rodeo, prison administrators in Arkansas, Louisiana and Oklahoma have copied the event in recent years. But cowboy Red "There was this guy who kept making his parole over and over again because he wanted to had to get back to prison to take part in rodeo."

—HARRISON BAKER

Lifestyles

We think you'll be amused by its resumption

Not long ago, *Beaugeste* Novena was widely a winning movie, with quietude delight every November to the cults of France's Burgundy district. *Beaugeste* and *Novena* it was served from cask to cask like draft beer, and consumed almost as quickly. Today, though, *Novena* is more properly *Beaugeste* Premier, his brother the darling of the year. One wine writer describes it as "the *Beaugeste* of red wine" because it has made its way up the world. This month the *Beaugeste* Wine Race takes place once again, with champagne from a dozen or so countries, including Canada, being off from French champagne as an effort to get *Beaugeste* on their tables as quickly as possible.

"*Le Beaugeste* Novena is a series," he became an annual dinner call to wine lovers. (It was also the title of a best-selling novel in France last year.) Signs announcing its arrival are put upon the finest restaurants in Europe, as well as New York and Montreal. This year at our music post midnight on November 15, truck convoys will wheel away from winners carrying the form of what is being raised as one of the best vintages of the century thanks to the unusually dry European summer. The London Sunday Times, whose wine writer Allan Wain helped start the premier boom by organizing an annual race a few years ago, expects at least 100 cellars, some of whom will use better means of transport (helicopters, gyrocopters etc.) to deliver the *Beaugeste* into Britain.

Wine drinkers in Canada and the Quebec Liquor Corporation combined with Air Canada in a promotional venture last November bringing in 400 cases, and they are planning to do it again. In fact, they hope to put the wine up for sale in better times than last year when it needed Montreal November 18 as a sponsor for three days after the official sale date. Daniel Farnon, who runs the Q.C.'s snack Maison des Vins in Montreal, says of conditions are right he may make 10 times more profit than he did in 1975. "We sold out our entire stock last year in three days," he said. Sadly, heavy international demand combined with spring inflation in France may raise the price of premier by 80%. Last year the Q.C. was selling the wine at \$4.90 a bottle.

Why the rush? Quite simply, the wine doesn't last long. Unlike the famous grand cru from Burgundy Côte de Beaune, Jules-Morgan, Cuvée and others, all sorts of drinks which age well, you must drink it before the wine is gone. "Predictably, it should be drunk before the end of



Paris and the place: signs run over

the year," advises Gérard Coudat, from the Compagnie de *Beaugeste*, who was in Montreal recently promoting *Beaugeste*. "Obviously never later than the end of January. After that, it will start turning into vinegar." According to Robert Farnon, director of food and beverage operations for Hilton Canada and the man whose idea it was to bring premier into Canada, it goes well with light red wine—low or tender wine—and it is not a crime to take it with certain seafood. Unlike other red wines, it should be chilled slightly before serving. During last month's surprise, Montreal and Quebec City will probably be the only places in Canada where the season's premier can be obtained. This season too, because although Quebec is such in Canada to get agents with consumption (beyond the Yukon, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, Alberta and Ontario) it is not yet reported where the Quebecers drink 60% of the French wine sold in Canada.

—DOYBELL

Films

All dressed up and no place to go

In *Parenthood*, Den Owen's ingenuous (yet sensitive) Canadian take-over shows, the characters are all dressed in clothes they don't quite fit. The heroine, a Rosalind heroine (Holly McLaren), is stuck in designer Marie-Claude's hysterical obsessions of high fashion. The hero, a snail that [Michael J. Murphy], has a rational passion and second-hand wardrobe. And the villain, boss-estrogen of course (Robert Silverman and Lee Remick), waddles around to show that even several sizes off.

The whole film is a bad fit, too, a romantic comedy dressed-up with loose trappings of corporate neurosis, ecological mal-society and war angst. The overabundance of themes weighs heavily upon the final plot and the even more final act is required to carry this mismatch on their shoulders.

Heather, the Rosalind lady, plays true to her screen-but comedy origins by falling for



McLaren: what's a nice girl like her...?

a thief whose she discovers in her father's mansion. The traditional crossover between high and low (Murphy's functions fairly productively, but *Parenthood* is after by go effects). The thief Paul, born, significantly, in the United States, is working as a free-lance corporate spy for a huge American company which wants to take over the Canadian company owned by Heather's father (ironically played by Denholm Elliott) in an arena that is supposed to be "breeding" rather than *Breakin'*.

Combining his personal and professional projects, the romantic and economic take-over, Paul explores Heather's world more deeply. He discovers that the thirty-something founder of her family's fortunes



Breakin': the mother makes the (bad) man

was, like himself, "a kar and a thief." He finds a streak of ecological wilderness in her father ("They're all gone," he muses, musingly) in a desperate comic combing, transmuting with historical and semi-discovery, Paul, dressed up in women's fashions from the War of 1812, is raped by Heather disguised as a soldier.

No longer indifferent to the implications of foreign take-over, Paul nine months himself to save what he'd previously seen as the career. Heather, now educated into the ways of the covert struggle, radical urban politics and a bit of dose historical, is strong enough to stand on her own and, after her father's assassination, carry on.



Lee Remick

Remick and Silverman: they're simply not to stop meeting this way

in a way, it's surprising to see a Canadian film with so many stars straggled around it is even as to designate a film as they are here. The movie in *Parenthood* have the edge of relevance, but they haven't been put together to make sense. The characters and narrative remain busy. Holly McLaren's fourth-hand beauty doesn't evolve into anything you could pin down as character, and Michael J. Murphy is so negative and self-protecting that the basic premise of the film, its strange partnership, remains credible. The painful dialogue between these two is by Norman Sessler whose over-the-top sensibility is all too apparent in the over-patterned narrative, but he doesn't seem to be able to make his characters speak like people on the planet.

Den Owen has further weakened the process by pursuing a survival sense of cut. Everything in the film glimmers with raised consciousness, the organic meaning of cars, clothes, houses, pads and stylish sings to feel aesthetically. When Heather and Paul make therapeutic love in a dazzlingly bright bedroom with white walls, plants that have reversed a leaf and poor Murray Minkowski singing on the sound track, one prays for the director to be embarrassed, but he isn't. *Parenthood* is a film in which everything seems to shimmer but he's thinking. **UNRECOMMENDED**

All in the family

Probably all commerce here to be a little glib, some signs of reality must be placed over for the family to sustain its place. *Cosmo*, Cosmo directed by Jean-Claude

Tischler is a strongly persuasive commercial for various French industry. Not afraid of its consumers' churning and so it is devoted to covering up the traces which we're not quite meant to notice.

Martine and Ludovic, eating toward a middle age that is by no means ready and married, are stranded in marriage to mildly improbable means. Martine's husband is a steady Cosmo, whose affair are accompanied by gradually having confessions of just Ludovic's wife in a second-hand, useful film drama, where idea of him is taking sleep cure therapy. When those spouses slip out of a fairly wedding party for a quick orgasm in the shower, Martine and Ludovic, clearly related by marriage, look shy to one another.

Since they are by far the most sensitive people in the film, it's scarcely logical that their liaison could also become. For a considerable while, their relationship is sexual without being sexual. They go swimming and go to the gym with their parents, but they don't sleep together, though everyone else assumes they do—for fear of bringing their love to an end. Eventually, their love is a crowd and, ironically, as their spouses grow more sexually dominant, the lovers become less so. In the end, bringing their affair into the open, confronting their huge family which had dealt with them previously only in mages and whispers.

The film is over before we can give time to work our way into the implications of Martine and Ludovic's behavior. In truth, we're urged not to query the situation too closely—not to ask, for instance, about the children involved—but merely to accept it as full and reasonably mature. (Not so certain, with the lot of French.)

The casting helps unambiguously hard. Marie-Claude Barnier and Victor Laporte are so genuinely appealing, so obviously intelligent and so extraordinarily ordinary that their feelings and actions can move without false. They seem so utterly incapable of knowing that pain remains a phenomenon unknown to them. To make this palpable, their respective spouses (played by Marie-France Pisier and Guy Marchand) have been ruthlessly characterized so that their potential for pain is fully (almost) out of mind.

Finally, the adultery is presented against a background of strong family awareness. Martine and Ludovic are initially shown married at a series of weddings, family and parties. As the plot grows increasingly serious, the director keeps their married horror show going. *Cosmo* is mercilessly honest, yet not unkindly aware, about the barely disguised brutality of its relations with their own sense of bubbling anger and almost obscene sexuality. Against these outrageous rules of self-congratulation and self-love, Martine and Ludovic become pleasantly understandable as the two members of a large family who do decide to play together and stay together. **UNRECOMMENDED**

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Books

Almost everything you ever—or never—wanted to know about Canada

COLUMBO IS CANADIAN REFERENCES
(Oxford University Press, \$14.95)

Have you ever *travél*? When the *Roman* was wanted an entry on *Canada* for his 1975 encyclopedia, churchman-buccaneer John Robert Colombo did better than any of his own boys might have done. Though it would be a surprise to realize it, this very, very one of our canonical books last year—according to *Columbo's* entry in the *Secret Encyclopedia*—was Oscar Ryan's partly-true biography of Tim Buck. Also included was the tale of struggle against U.S. imperialism with our own Margaret Laurence and Pierre Berton's hoarsey picketing *Columbo* wants selling cheap American editions of their books. "I know what would please the *Roman*," said *Columbo* modestly.

It wasn't a matter of politics but merchandising. Back in the 1960s Canadian literature dubbed *Columbo's* "Lectures of the Canadian Literary Establishment" and the title stuck. But at heart he had always been an entrepreneur rather than a Cultural Commissar. He also happened to be an avid collector of facts and phrases. Why Timoré? *Salmon* did for its bibliography? Having found the overworlds of his vocation and avocation, he opened up his own Empire of *Canada* with *Columbo's Canadian Quotations* (1978). *Columbo's*



Columbo's Yves Morin, strong and brief

Little Book Of Canada on *Prose*, *Graphic Language* and *Other* Paul Martin (1975). The new *Columbo's Canadian References* The Lectures in clearly demobbed and driving in style.

This time he is selling only those words that appeal to him and makes no apology for it. His new one-volume true-encyclopedia with its 500,000 words and 6,000 notes is an much a guide to the personal ex-

perience of *Columbo* as it is to the popular imagination of *Canada*. The question is, are there enough similarities between the two to make the enterprise worthwhile? To paraphrase Gide, the answer isn't probably yes. The message of *Columbo's Canadian References* is that *Canada* is not a genre, it is a place, and it is not a program, departed booky play, and, either the *Secret Encyclopedia*.

Columbo's sparkles with useful nuggets which scholarly multi-volume encyclopedias would not list (The *Bohemian Embassy*, *Regiment* or *World War II* under broader headings) while would you look up *Sedition* conspiracy *Ridgeway Battle*?) but the book's guiding principle seems to be fascination with trivia. *Canada's* alphabetize area code got 23 lines while the *Arctic* rates only one. Arthur Ellis biography is included, but such eminent lawyers as J. Robinson, J. Arthur Martin or *Monte Skutumpah* are not. Since being listed in *Columbo's* may become a matter of status, other eminent *Canadians* (including about in the exact darkness) might bear in mind that a slender volume of verse or a quick start at the left may get you where a disorganized entry in the *professions* won't.

Still, *insider* *Columbo* has mastered the art of listing out books that once listed you can't afford to do without. *Arctic* and *Volcanic* though but judgments may be. *Columbo's Canadian References* becomes a *Book* Book by its very existence. Take the *Arctic* *Canada* you can quarrel with its shortcomings, but not with the fact that it fills a national need. Whether or not it fills *Columbo's* need remains to be seen. The \$10.00 advance was generous by publishing standards, but *insider* *Columbo* when cited on over two years and \$5,000 of expenses. The problem of putting together an index for the *Quotations* on no money at all was solved by a weekend gathering at the *Columbo* where 15 friends were fed, waivered and inspired. But once-born friends are scarce, and the new book has had to make do without an index at all. Applications to the *Canada* *Central* were in vain. The book didn't fit into any of the "categories."

Which may explain why *Columbo* is coming from the *professions*. *Wise* to the self-censor. Early After his two books of *Belgian* verse in translation appeared last year, the *People's Republic* of *Belgium* insisted that *Columbo* and his wife live now along the *Black Sea Coast*. A car and driver were put at their disposal. *Advance* reports on last year's state-sponsored vi-

sitation indicate a medal is on the offering. By the fall of 1979, the *Father of Popular Canadianism* (the category *Canada* may also be an *Honored Worker* in *Belgium*) Culture.

BARBARA AMEL

My angst is quick

THE SECRET HEADQUARTERS
by Ian McEwan
(Macmillan of Canada, \$9.95)

Intellectuals in search of ideological purity ought to have themselves spared. Look what happens to Joe Stewart, the hero of



McEwan's *Toppy*, therefore I am

Ian McEwan's first novel. The *Secret Headquarters*. An idealist looking for a cause he leaves the native Britain for Hong Kong to carefully test the waters of Mao's China before taking the plunge. He hopes to penetrate the mysteries of Mao's Little Red Book, only to find himself screwing up his chances altogether too late. A punster, Joe is allied with Enryale, the French wife of the aging veteran of the Long March put out to pasture in Hong Kong. *Canada* Stewart's now-silenced Chinese girl friend is dish him (She hasn't returned to the life-size ways of *parlor* Maosist.) Still, had time with Enryale is not without its merit—ideologically speaking. It is only there that Joe resolves his and the novel's ethical dilemma: should he join Hong Kong's subliminal Chinese, and guard *Conversations* or continue repressing himself for the audience?

Post-coital moments have a way of opening someone's eyes to eternal truth. "That moment with Enryale," Stewart notes, made it impossible to go on living just out of habit. I know that truth, eyes opening beneath my mouth, but meaning, however. "Translation all books led to Montreal Chrys." Ah, but the old word *Maosist* among Mao's handied flowers. When Joe descri-

bes it was the *Communist* who scribbled on his *professions* ways to his girl friend and not as he thought, the rusty left agent of *British Imperialism*. He stands down his dreams of the Land of the Great Dictator and open for *Canada* central. *Lucky* is.

McEwan's new novel on the political street and intrigues of Hong Kong during the late Sixties. This is a hot territory to live. *British* *McEwan* may as well as the *University of Hong Kong* before coming to Ontario's *Trent University* in 1970 to teach literature. The *Secret Headquarters* his first book, a literary commercial success with paperback and foreign rights sales of nearly \$30,000. This is not surprising, the rich, easy prose confides a plot with through with intellectualism, car crashes and con-
fessions galore. But clearly the author wants us to think of this novel as a serious work-
ing out of ideas, first right to kill people for a good cause? How does one keep the *professions* pure? Why do ideas that sound so good in the Oxford Students' Union go away—do they?

McEwan is either believes or pretends to think that these are all great questions and stays with away from providing any answer. As a novel of ideas, *The Secret Headquarters* because no new ground and it just seems blithely unaware of a lot of ground already broken by writers from Ignazio Silone to Albert Camus. But is an OK for intellectualists in works like a charm.

BARBARA AMEL

Author unknown

THE TETRAMACHUS COLLECTION
by Philippe Van Ranot
(New and Old, \$8.95)



Philippe Van Ranot is a pseudonym. He will not reveal his real name, and not be photographed, and under these questioning alibis, mysteriously to his book ground in intelligence operations. If, indeed, this young Canadian author has been a spy who endured the hell, he has now come into the warmth of a publishing success. His first novel, *The Tetramachus Collection*, has earned \$100,000 in advance sales of film translation and paperback a plus.

In a novel of espionage and mystery, Van Ranot has achieved the conventional Cold War movie, choosing instead the moral features and corporate dealings at the Catholic Church. A distressed priest with access to the Vatican's secrets and mysteriously down into imploring Church officials and the Pope himself in collaboration with the Nazis. The papers become the object of an intense and bloody search by the Italian leader known as the Black Prince by Alexander Fleming, a head gun for an organization related by Vatican officials and by a banking conglomerate to various Vatican funds. The result is a spy thriller.

Vin Ranot says the documents revealing the collaboration exist and that he has seen them, thanks to help from friends in the anti-Nazi intelligence agency. He claims too that the novel's Swiss-based organization, like, which resembles Alexander Fleming, also exists and is supported by both East and West bloc to carry out assignments when they don't want operations stand to their own agents.

The author's version of his own story is almost as strange as his fiction. He says he is 36 years old, was born in Montreal, has grown up in Europe, mainly in England and Switzerland, and from the age of 17 to 26 worked for a secret intelligence organiza-

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The Word in Ottawa is 'Turner' and The Word could soon be made flesh

Column By Allan Fotheringham

The story is strange. Stuffed. The up elevator on Parliament Hill is crowded when it stops by a senator's apartment on the floor. The door slowly opens to reveal no one, then slowly closes and the elevator continues its journey from the back of the car comes the squeaked voice of Robert Stuckard. "Hello."

It is not, however, the ghost of Mackenzie King that haunts Parliament Hill these days. It is the spectre of a little boy, now grown up who once walked his dog with his old prime minister. In short, it's Roger Ramo himself, the man with the George Herr's shoulders, Paul Newman eyes and the British habit of affecting brown suede shoes with dark suits. John Turner—not in person, but in wacky, ghoulie form.

His words float above the Prime Minister's departed body while the corridors. At the mystique of Prime Minister Trudeau is washed away with each cabinet deflection like a new cleaner parking lot to take grey, the image of John Turner as the calm and future fair changes and takes form out of the retirement state. His reputation and elections will still. He's the male version of the flying man, the Mary Poppins of the boardroom set Turner, not Trudeau is the most subject of speculation these days.

There is a nervous ring going on in Ottawa at the moment. Ask can't a people if they hear anything current about Turner and their eyes blanch, their jaws pale and there is a decorative ripple in their mustache. The more they deny the more they capture, no, of course, no one is talking about a backdoor deal, the honesty state isn't a Turner network being built. It is to laugh.

The Liberals, whose only interest in being in power is the getting and keeping of power, seek moral in the very transferring of the leadership without the loss bloodletting that is the hallmark of the Tories. (The Tories, having principles like the war need to be money—not operation room clean like the Liberals—in their passing on of the torch.) The Liberals do their backbiting in sanctified fashion that is possible, of course, when you have such third-and-fourth sons in the Senate and ambassadors from and judgeships and patronage openings all at the ready. And as they like to have their noses in power, they prefer those distant of no further cabinet usefulness to vacate in silence, tugging their caps and mumbling gratefully. What is going to be embarrassing is the noisy, obnoxious way the backdoor help is departing.

The height of the embarrassment came

in the incredible negotiation press conference when James Richardson, the only native millionaire in the world and now right-leaning co-member of the cabinet was introduced on stage by Bryce Mackenzie, the most left-leaning co-member of the cabinet, who wanted to explain what Richardson really meant in quiting. "You have to get in a queue, just to merge."



That is the Richardson itself, who is known around Ottawa as "Jimmy Two-Stroke"—a reference to his famous comment to Marie McDonald while these pages that all Indians had ever done, rather than creating the wheel and discovering oil, was to dig their goods on two sticks behind their backs. The name Richardson remember who holidays each summer at the same wealthy strip at Lake of the Woods near Kenora that the Turners frequent. The Richardson who released John Turner's memoir office in the West Block, the most outpacing office in Ottawa, is being the recruit of Sir John A. Macdonald and no boy that hidden vision where a cabinet minister can slip away unseen and escape untolded vision. Finally, the Richardson who—like Turner—was probably in the wrong party in the first place one of the few friends, like Turner, the business community could find in the Trudeau cabinet. Turner connected a party with the Richardson resignation. A name coincidence.

As well as being embarrassing, there is an eerie vulnerability in his way the delicious

one showed from the embrace of Trudeau. Paul Hellyer went into his office to argue about housing policy and, to his surprise, had his professed resignation accepted. Turner went in to discuss going to Eastern Affairs or Transport and—unsuspecting at being offered the Senate or a spot on the bench—accepted an appointment. Mackenzie went in to argue for more influence and emerged an co-minister.

What is permeating all this is the strange way in which Trudeau loses confidence. Despite the myth, he is not a retiring man. In fact, his problem is that he is the opposite. In eight years in power he rarely has needed only three minutes—Herb Gray, Stanley Huddart, Bob Stanbury that he loses the good ones because they will not head to his unending personality. His poison can bend, his pride never. So the laugh lines remain, the weak ones stay.

The result of it all is that there is a dangerously long list of men who have been detached from Trudeau, for one reason or another, men with pride of their own, still sitting around the Commons. Gray and Stanbury and Mackenzie, Deary and Sharp, Jean Marchand, André Ouellet, Richardson. Some not willing to resign their seats in the knowledge that the party would lose by-elections, but others willing to wait and wait for another chance under another leader. There's a cancer within.

Without the politician, grey-haired Melipervants at the back of press conferences and questions the me, Eric Korman, another who quit. Eric has enormous muscles from his base at McGill. The old powerful co-ministers, Simon Blais and Jim Gundy are a natural focus for the sharp Trudeau feelings that are abroad. And perhaps, lurking in the law office of McMillan, Sheehy in Toronto, J. Turner. The boy who was imprisoned to be not still has his fearless life out there working and he's still phoning contacts across the country constantly to keep in touch.

There is a certain party excitement at their coming when the going gets tough, but the Liberals are more interested in power. There is nothing, the foundation of the party blowing. Turner's 11,000-vote margin in the Gwynne-Carlton by-election. And there is that Turner friendship with Ontario Tory leader, Dewey McKelvey. There are the carefully selected platforms for carefully spaced speeches.

Trudeau has six months to correct the slide. First, it will not be Benquo's ghost or Marjory's ghost that confronts him. John Turner's ghost is in the starting pole, waiting.

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